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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Artistic and Literary communications for this Journal should be addressed to the Editor of THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER, and should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, THOMAS FOX, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, London.

PERSONAL POLITICS

Exit Lord Cranbrook.

LORD CRANBROOK, I am told, is about to give up the Presidency of the Council, and to retire from political life. He is some years younger than Mr. Gladstone, but the time has long since passed since Gathorne Hardy was the Rupert of the Tory debate. That was in the days of the '74 Ministry and the Eastern Question. The Member for the University of Oxford was then a tremendous favourite with his party. He had a good, sonorous voice, a strong, plain, but telling style, a stock of ideas not great or original but well digested, and a fluency which never failed him. He made his greatest score in a speech in answer to Mr. Gladstone, when that statesman proposed his famous six resolutions on the Eastern Question. Mr. Gladstone had just made a flaming speech at Oxford, in which he had denounced the Government and all its works in his most unsparing style. But by the time the resolutions were on the table Lord Hartington and the Whigs had got at Mr. Gladstone, and the speech he eventually delivered in the House in support of the resolutions was very different in tone to the country oration. Mr. Gathorne Hardy seized on the contrast and pitilessly drove it home, taunted the ex-Premier with the fury of his first onslaught and "the bated breath and whispering humbleness" of his second. It was a good hit, and went off with wonderful effect. The Tory bench rang with cheering. But when Gathorne Hardy became Lord Cranbrook he all but effaced himself. It is true that on the few occasions when he has been called upon to act as deputy leader for Lord Salisbury in the House of Lords he has spoken well and to the point, and has comported himself with surprising briskness. On-lookers, too, have often been amused by the frequent merriment of the Prime Minister and Lord Cranbrook when they have exchanged some whispered jests with each other in the Upper Chamber. But Lord Cranbrook, on the whole, has not been a conspicuous figure in this Government, either in speech or in counsel, and the withdrawal from the stage of a once notable and powerful actor will—such is life—now hardly be noted, even by the regular and earnest student of that strange show—Politics. At the same time, the prolonged administrative services of Lord Cranbrook, and his unfailing urbanity, should impel the public to join in the congratulations offered to the Lord President of the Council on the improvement in his health.

The Home Rule Victories.

The series of Liberal victories at Peterborough, Elgin, and Bucks will have an important effect on the policy of the Opposition next Session. Mr. Gladstone has been watching the contests with his usual keen interest, and with the special object of seeing whether the Liberals were going to win a series of triumphs. The moral effect of a "series" Mr. Gladstone thinks to be immense, and now that it has been obtained we are likely to see stormy times. The Opposition will be encouraged to *oppose* everything that the Government *propose*—land purchase in Ireland, a Catholic University, and what not—with the object of forcing a dissolution. That is certainly the feeling, as I can gather it from Liberal circles, and it may be the policy too. But it will have little or no effect. The real change which these elections will bring over the situation will be in the attitude and measures of the Government. When they think that certain men or certain policies are unpopular, administrations invariably modify them. Accordingly, if I am in any degree a true prophet, the result of the three losses will be that Mr. Balfour will gradually drop the most obnoxious features of Coercion, and that the next two or three years of the life of this Government will be devoted mainly to remedial measures. Of course, though this sounds the easier course, it is really the more difficult. It is plain sailing, though, when your policy is simply one of saying "No." It is positive work which divides Governments, especially those which started, like this one, not so much to do something—though that too was in the view of most Unionist candidates—as to see that something else was not done.

The Fight at Brighton.

There will, of course, be a tremendous fight at Brighton. Extravagant as it may appear, Liberals actually dream of winning. I met one of the "Parliament-street men" the other day, and he assured me it was far from unlikely. To begin with, Sir Robert Peel is a very popular man in Brighton—a frequent speaker, and regular *habitué* on parade, in club and hotel (for how many years has not Sir Robert figured in the Christmas Number of the *World*, which usually devotes itself to glorifying Brighton?), and Brighton is a wonderfully cliquy place, believing in Brightonians above everything. It is also proverbially uncertain. It was Liberal in 1868, Tory in 1874, Liberal in 1880, getting decidedly Torified since, but always faithfully following the tide. No doubt, since West Brighton was built a large number of permanent rich residents have been added to the population, and these are mostly Conservative. But, as I said, Brighton's politics are very largely personal. Sir William Marriott, for instance, who is very popular, and has a perfectly safe seat, has made himself particularly agreeable to the railway men. Mr. Ashbury was a member of that sort. He got himself in by spending his money right and left, and especially by taking up the case of the fishermen. He used to have their representatives up to his house to dine, and no end of petting and diplomatising went on. At last, however, he got tired of the coddling business, dropped his subscriptions, and at the election gave it out that he would spend no more money, and stand on his own merits as a man and a politician. He stood, and was promptly defeated. Brighton looked after Brighton—as usual.

Sir Robert Peel.

Sir Robert Peel, the Liberal candidate, is undoubtedly one of the most interesting, not to say eccentric, figures in politics. The wonder is how he came to be a Peel at all. Anybody more unlike his great but rather heavy father or his sober-sided, rather pompous brother Arthur, the Speaker, could not be imagined: Sir Robert, stout and full-bodied; Arthur, with a rather lean and hungry air. What a contrast! There is a buccaneering air about Sir Robert. The roll of his fine deep voice, the cock of his enormous hat—always jauntily poised on the side of his head—the curl of his plentiful grey hair, the lines on his handsome face, the cut of his ample frock-coat—all give the impression of a roystering buck, say, of George the Fourth's time. What Sir Robert looks he is—a good companion, a brilliant and dashing man, at heart an excellent fellow. Talent—undeniable and remarkable—he has always had. He has made some most striking speeches, eloquent, forcible, full of fine feeling. Only, just as the sober Lord Derby never seems to be the son of his dashing father, so the dashing Sir Robert has never seemed the son of his sober father. Between him and his brother the Speaker there has been at times some coolness, the two never quite understanding each other. They have also progressed different ways. The one began with a Liberalism rather of the Whiggish type, and has ended as a Unionist; the other began with a humanitarian Toryism, and ends as a Radical. Sir Robert is a very popular man; and one is rejoiced to hear that he is recovered from the crippling attack of rheumatic gout which bent his stalwart figure and reduced him to a bath-chair and an attendant.

Morris and Crane.

The chief art show of the winter season in London is now getting to be the Arts and Crafts, of which everybody is talking, and which everybody who loves to see the beautiful arts applied to things not only beautiful but useful ought to go and see in its fine home in the New Gallery. I should not, however, mention this but that, unlike most art shows, it has a politico-social side to it. Nearly all of the leading spirits—Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. William Morris, Mr. Henry Holiday, Mr. Selwyn Image, and the rest—are Socialists. They all believe in uniting the worker with the designer, and distributing the praise and credit and reward between the two, instead of lavishing them all on the latter. The leading figures are, of course, Mr. Crane and Mr. Morris. Mr. Crane is a brilliant artist, not perhaps so great in execution as design; and he is also a most fervent and active Socialist. How many gratis cartoons and designs has he not drawn for Socialist papers! How many lectures on Art and on Socialism—eloquent, abrupt, suggestive, a little loose in construction, but, like Mr. Crane's work, full of ideas—has he not delivered! William Morris is, of course, a greater man than Crane. His poetry, which he writes in railway trains without a moment's pause, gives him the third place among living English poets; and his wall-papers are, so far as I know, and when they are at their best, unrivalled. His personality is the freshest imaginable. Without any tact, hating it in fact, speaking precisely what he thinks and in the way that first occurs to him, using in private a singularly fluent and forcible method of expression, and in public speaking a style eloquent and interesting but a little confused, William Morris is not a man that anyone who has seen or heard is likely to forget. A handsome open face, tanned with the sun, honest, irascible blue eyes, an abrupt but kindly manner—that is William Morris. He has a charming, but simply furnished place at Hammersmith, where Sunday evening lectures on Socialism are held. He is the Socialist League and the *Commonweal*.

"Henry Arthur."

Here is a little bit of political gossip. The father of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the playwright, is a staunch old Liberal, and voted for Captain Verney at the Bucks election. Henry Arthur himself is a Unionist, and approves of coercion, though he has Socialist leanings.

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

Though you:—
Rub! Rub! Rub!
And you:—
Scrub! Scrub! Scrub!
You'll find that
It's not in your power
In the old-fashioned way
To do in a day
What HUDSON'S
Will do in an hour.

Linen, Shirts, Collars, Sheets, Table-Cloths, &c., keep a good colour if washed regularly with HUDSON'S EXTRACT OF SOAP.—A pure, dry Soap in fine powder. Hudson's leaves no smell.—[ADVT.]

FACTS AND FACES.

Alexander III.

As the late Czar was the most kingly of men, his tall, erect figure and dignified mien stamping him as every inch an Emperor, so Alexander the Third is physically the most powerful and massive of living monarchs. The mingled energy and kindliness of the present Czar's nature are stamped on the Portrait printed in this Number. His return visit to the young Emperor William has naturally greatly occupied the pens of these correspondents who fill their time, and often exhaust their readers' patience, with reviews at the drift of Imperial politics. While sincerely hoping that the breaking of the Armed Peace that prevails may not be hastened by this meeting of the Emperors at Berlin, I prefer to dwell for a moment on the home virtues of Alexander the Third of Russia. His Imperial Majesty delights in the joys of family life, and is never happier than when he is with his wife and children. The Empress is also on waltzing, and is, I learn from one who has often been present at the Court dances, an excellent waltzer. May I be allowed, while felicitating the Emperor Alexander on the domestic happiness he enjoys, to express the earnest hope that the terrible punishment of banishment to Siberian prisons may be reserved, not for political prisoners, but for the basest of criminals alone.

Mrs. Hodgson Burnett

is, we are very glad to hear, less seriously injured than was at first feared. This delightful authoress is not an American, as many suppose, but an Englishwoman. It is her husband who hails from the other side of the Atlantic, where just now a discussion is going on respecting "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which certain persons declare was a plagiarism from a novel called "Wilfred," written by Mrs. Winthrop. It is said that Mrs. Winthrop sent a copy to the authoress of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" in 1880, and that her own popular story, which appeared five years later, was simply a reproduction of "Wilfred." Shortly before her accident Mrs. Burnett denied all knowledge of "Wilfred" or its writer, and stated that the character of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was drawn from her own son Vivian, and hints that the authoress of "Wilfred" only seeks to get a cheap advertisement at her expense. Mrs. Burnett has received more than £4000 from the sale of her exquisite story, and she is writing a tale in a New York paper for which she is paid £3000. This delightful authoress is a genius for whose works we cannot be too grateful.

Dr. A. C. Mackenzie.

All persons who are interested in musical matters are astonished at the rapid strides the art is making; and few have done so much to advance the cultivation of music as Dr. Alexander Campbell Mackenzie, the distinguished and popular Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, which institution, under his admirable guidance, will shortly enter on an enlarged field of operations. Dr. Mackenzie, whose father was an excellent musician, was born in Edinburgh in 1847, and, as a boy, displayed remarkable musical gifts. I have frequently heard M. Sainton, the celebrated violinist, declare, when Dr. Mackenzie was but a youth, that he would become one of England's greatest musicians. At ten years of age he went to Sondershausen, and played there in the Grand Ducal orchestra. Returning from Germany in 1862, he was elected King's Scholar at the Royal Academy of Music, and studied the violin under M. Sainton. In 1865 he went to Edinburgh, and followed his profession until 1879, when he resided in Italy, devoting his time to compositions which were produced in England. Various orchestral pieces, pianoforte works, a cantata, "The Bride," another, "Jason," were heard, and then came the opera "Colomba," which was greatly admired. After that his sacred work "The Rose of Sharon" and his opera "The Troubadour" brought him still more before the public, and on the death of Sir George Macfarren he was elected Principal of the Royal Academy of Music. In this position he has already raised the character of the institution, and some changes which he contemplates will still further increase its efficiency.

DR. A. C. MACKENZIE.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones

is the dramatic author most talked about at the moment, owing to the remarkable success of "The Middleman." Mr. Jones began with small things, but they gave promise of greater. His "Clerical Error," produced at the Court Theatre, was a bright, pleasant little piece, and his adaptation of the novel "A Prodigal Daughter," which was produced under the title of "His Wife," was an effective piece. Alternate successes and failures have since been recorded, and in some plays, notably "Saints and Sinners," he did not win the credit he deserved. Playgoers of the more thoughtful class were surprised at many realistic and clever studies of character, especially of the kind met with in country towns. How the knowledge of such personages was acquired may be explained by the fact that Mr. Jones commenced his career as a commercial traveller for a Bradford firm, and, journeying on business through the Midland counties, the future dramatist kept eyes and ears open for any stray sketches of character or oddities of expression. After the labours of the day, while taking his ease at his inn, he would jot down the result of his observations, and sometimes enter into conversation with the worthies he met there. Now that he is recognised as a popular and successful dramatic author, he intends in future works to give playgoers the benefit of these early studies.

Miss Kate Rorke

is being much talked about just now, owing to her remarkable acting in "The Prodigate." As early as thirteen years of age Miss Kate Rorke began to display histrionic talent. An amateur performance was given by her parents, at which she played with so much effect that she was introduced to Mr. Charles Wyndham, who at first merrily laughed at the idea of giving her an engagement. He said he would have a chat with her on that subject "when she was long-coated." But Kate was filled with ambition, and presented herself to Mrs. Bancroft, an actress always ready to aid a clever aspirant. She was then playing Robertson's "School" at the Haymarket. She got a part as one of the school-girls, and in one of her lines, "My pa says love's all moonshine," Mrs. Bancroft imitated her tone and accent. This greatly annoyed the youthful actress, who, the next time she played, spoke the line in quite a different manner; but Mrs. Bancroft, equal to the occasion, imitated the new style with perfect ease, but at the fall of the curtain suggested that Kate had better not try experiments of that kind again. By-and-by Mr. Wyndham, true to his promise, offered her an engagement, and she appeared in "Betsy," and was charming in "Little Miss Muffit." Miss Rorke played Mary Rivers in "All For Her," and in "The Palace of Truth" Mr. Gilbert praised her greatly; and from that time she has made a steady advance in her art.

MISS KATE RORKE.

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Mr. W. G. Wills's "Ninon."

Owing to the success of "The Dead Heart," other dramas of the Revolutionary period are looking up. Mr. W. G. Wills's "Ninon," which Miss Wallis is to revive on Monday next, was sent to nearly every theatre in London, and was knocking about in managers' desks and prompters' pigeon-holes for about a dozen years before it was successfully produced at the Adelphi Theatre, Feb. 7, 1880. It is perhaps the part in which Miss Wallis is seen to the greatest advantage. "Ninon" is admirably written, and the chief motive is that of a girl seeking to avenge the betrayal of her sister, and ultimately falling passionately in love with the supposed faithless lover, who, however, is proved not to have been the culprit. Miss Wallis depicts the character of the bewildered heroine, pausing between passion and revenge with real power and pathos, and playgoers who can enjoy genuine acting and a fine play should not miss "Ninon," even though the representation is so far north as the Grand Theatre.

Cold Tub.

A discussion has been going on in the papers as to the relative merits of the cold and warm bath. More than one correspondent has not hesitated to pronounce the cold bath a fraud—in fact, a great deal of cold water has been thrown upon it. One even hints it is not very cleanly—that a good application of warm water and soap is worth a great deal more than patronage of the cold tub. I am inclined to believe in the cold tub, as the Rev. F. W. Robertson believed in early rising, for its moral discipline. Professor Tyndall tells us that it was the inspiring influence of Carlyle's writings which led him to break the ice on his bath through three long German winters. Carlyle, on the other hand, had no ice to break. If his wife's tongue was anything like her letters, he was always in hot water.

The New Journalism.

What a good thing the new journalism is for the railway companies! Here is T. W. Stead, the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, rushing across the Continent to try and interview the Pope, while his brilliant satellite Henry Norman is wandering about India as a "special commissioner," regardless of the fact that his "chief" wants him home again. And on Sunday Henry Massingham, "Tay Pay" O'Connor's assistant-editor, started off to Ireland to report on the trial of Father Macfadden. Henry Massingham generally writes the slashing *Star* leaders which are so much appreciated in the Radical camp. He hails from Norfolk, and received his whippings—if he had any—from Dr. Jessop, who was a few years ago head-master of the Norwich Grammar School.

Mr. Gladstone's Elixir.

Familiar to all who have heard Mr. Gladstone deliver his great Parliamentary orations is the small bottle of eggflip-looking liquid he is in the habit of sipping from. But it is not generally known of what this delectable mixture is composed. The riddle is solved in an interesting and chatty volume I took up the other day—"Reminiscences of a Literary and Clerical Life" (published by Messrs. Ward and Downey): "Mr. Gladstone wrote back to say that his preparation was very simple. . . . It simply consisted of egg and sherry, and he took it more for the sake of the egg than for the sake of the sherry; because, having sometimes to speak, unexpectedly and beyond the dinner hour, he was glad of the mixture as a food rather than as a stimulant." THE PROMPTER.

WILKIE COLLINS.

ALTHOUGH Wilkie Collins went very little into society during the last twenty years of his life, he retained all his charming social qualities till the commencement of his fatal illness. He was a brilliant talker, for his almost unflagging vivacity and spirit, wide range of information, and marvellous power of repartee made him, in the best sense of the term, delightful company. He was remarkable, too, for his independence of character, and always said precisely what he thought; and no mind was ever more entirely clear of cant and humbug—which is possibly the reason why he entertained an almost affectionate admiration for Dr. Johnson, whose portrait always hung in his library.

He has left neither unpublished stories nor reminiscences. He possessed an immense collection of letters from literary friends—notably Dickens, Thackeray, the late Lord Lytton, George Henry Lewes, Fechter, Charles Reade, and others; but he had a great burning of correspondence in the spring of 1888, when he removed to Wimpole-street from the house in Gloucester-place which he had occupied for more than twenty years.—*Truth*.

Workers on Railways have such long hours, and frequently such heavy responsibilities, that any movement calculated to benefit this invaluable body of public servants should meet with general sympathy. We are glad, accordingly, to hear of the success of the United Kingdom Railway Temperance Union, which had its conference at Exeter Hall on Tuesday. Information as to membership may be obtained of Mr. A. C. Thompson, secretary, 9, Bridge-street, Westminster.

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FITS.—EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS.—If you want to be permanently and speedily cured of this distressing complaint, and write to the SECRETARY, Burwood House, Burwood-pl., Hyde Park, London, he will send you "Gratis" full instructions for cure, and advice on diet.—[ADVT.]

MUSIC & THE DRAMA

MADAME ADELINA PATTI, still the first of living songstresses, on Monday night gives the first of a series of three concerts at the Albert Hall, under the direction of Mr. Kuhe. It is one of the finest sights in London to see the grandest hall we have filled with lovers of music on a Patti night, and to note how the great gathering is moved to enthusiasm, especially by the prima donna's dulcet singing of "Home, Sweet Home." Remarkably well will Madame Patti be supported. Lady Hallé is to enchant us with her unrivalled violin-playing; and the vocalists will comprise Madame Patey (who tells me she has had many tempting offers to sing in Australia) and Mr. Edward Lloyd; Mr. Ganz conducting the orchestra.

Londoners should, in fine, have music wherever they go—with the gracious permission of the London County Council. Sarasate is this (Saturday) afternoon to recommence playing "the fiddle like an angel" at St. James's Hall. The Monday Pops will be resumed under the same roof on Oct. 28; and the Saturday Pops on Nov. 2.

While on musical topics, I may mention a fact of interest concerning one of the truest promoters of a love of music England has ever known—the late Carl Rosa. On a sunny morning early this week, Mr. Rosa's coffin was removed from the catacombs of Highgate Cemetery to the very handsome mausoleum which Mrs. Rosa has had erected to the memory of her husband, to whom the country is so deeply indebted for the revival of English Opera.

I hear that Barnum will mainly rely on the attractive powers of such grand spectacular shows as "Nero" in the coming winter at Olympia. It is a stirring sight to witness Barnum's busy ants building the new theatre for "the greatest show on earth," which the Company owning Olympia is likely to have secured.

I cordially join in the remonstrances the *Daily Telegraph* has addressed to the common-sense members of the London County Council, apropos of the too sweeping and unfair "recommendations" of its censors. I regard the music-halls, on the whole, as popular safety-valves. Close these favourite places of recreation, and you would probably be within a "measurable distance" of a revolution. The music-halls to many furnish the blithest, cheeriest, and brightest entertainment the vast mass of the population in cities pent can obtain. They are remarkably well managed, take them all in all. It is the exception to hear songs of the indecent character Mr. McDougall rightly condemned; and, after his significant warning—a warning anticipated many a time and oft by the smart little organ of the music-halls, the *Entr'acte*—no doubt each manager will take effectual measures to prevent the singing of obscene ditties in future. Let anyone drop into the Oxford Music Hall and judge for himself of the character of the performances given for many years without complaint under the careful superintendence of Mr. J. H. Jennings, who is deservedly respected in the profession. Here are to be found nightly huge assemblages thoroughly enjoying a wonderfully liberal programme, contributed to by such stars as Miss Harriet Vernon (whom any theatre is only too glad to engage for burlesque or pantomime), lissom Katie Lawrence, the Jackley Wonders, the Dillon Marvels, and a variety of clever artists, whose manifest interest it is not to overstep the bounds of good taste. It is impossible for such judiciously diversified entertainments as those provided at the Oxford not to enliven the people. I confess I hope the effect of threatening the existence of such admirable dramatic sketches as "The Stowaway," in which Miss Jenny Hill is every night achieving fresh artistic successes at the Canterbury Theatre of Varieties, will be to bring about that Free Trade in amusements which will enable music-halls legally to delight their admirers with bright little farces and sentimental pieces of the kind Mr. Clement Scott eulogised in Monday's *Telegraph* when giving generous and unqualified praise to "The Stowaway." On the other hand, it will only be just to extend to the theatres, as Mr. Augustus Harris claims, the privileges which the music-halls enjoy.

MISS HARRIET VERNON.

I hear the suit charming Phyllis Broughton brought for breach of promise against a young sprig of the nobility is still pending, the popular comédienne entrusting to Sir Charles Russell the duty of guarding her rights. The fair *artiste* was not undeserving the prize for beauty recently awarded her in the Beauty competition organised by the proprietors of Pears' soap and *Rare Bits* (a bouquet with cheque for £25).

Supplying the strongest example of characterisation to be seen in London, Mr. E. S. Willard is to be congratulated upon the immediate success of his powerful impersonation of Cyrus Blenkarn, the merits of which I was among the first to point out. The tastes, the individuality, and the career of this great actor are faithfully traced by a sympathetic hand in this week's *World*. THESPIS.

Madame Tussaud and Sons.—An excellent portrait-model of the Empress Frederick of Germany, executed by Mr. John T. Tussaud, has been added to the above exhibition. The figure is placed in the Royal group close by that of the Queen.

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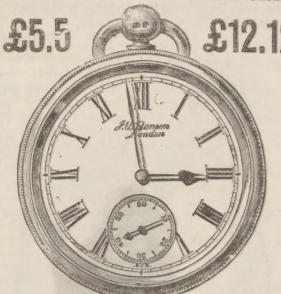

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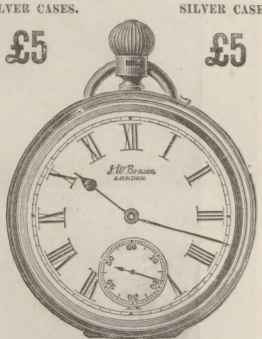

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BLIND LOVE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

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THE PROLOGUE.

(Continued.)

VI.

THE wind rose a little, and the rifts in the clouds began to grow broader as Iris gained the high road.

For a while the glimmer of the misty moonlight lit the way before her. As well as she could guess, she had passed over more than half of the distance between the town and the milestone before the sky darkened again. Objects by the wayside grew shadowy and dim. A few drops of rain began to fall. The milestone, as she knew—thanks to the discovery of it made by daylight—was on the right-hand side of the road. But the dull grey colour of the stone was not easy to see in the dark.

A doubt troubled her whether she might not have passed the milestone. She stopped and looked at the sky.

The threatening of rain had passed away; signs showed themselves which seemed to promise another break in the clouds. She waited. Low and faint, the sinking moonlight looked its last at the dull earth. In front of her, there was nothing to be seen but the road. She looked back—and discovered the milestone.

Iris decided on waiting there to be discovered and taken prisoner by the police. Supposing Lord Harry to be punctual to his appointment, he would hear voices and movements, as a necessary consequence of the arrest, in time to make his escape. Supposing him, on the other hand, to be late, the police would be on the way back to the town with their prisoner: he would find no one at the milestone, and would leave it again in safety.

She was on the point of turning, to get back to the road, when something on the dark surface of the field, which looked like a darker shadow, became dimly visible. In another moment, it seemed to be a shadow that moved. She ran towards it. It looked like a man as she drew nearer. The man stopped.

"The password," he said, in tones cautiously lowered.

"Fidelity," she answered in a whisper.

It was too dark for a recognition of his features; but Iris knew him by his tall stature—knew him by the accent in which he had asked for the password. Erroneously judging of her, on his side, as a man, he drew back again. Sir Giles Mountjoy was above the middle height; the stranger, in a cloak, who had whispered to him, was below it. "You are not the person I expected to meet," he said. "Who are you?"

Her faithful heart was longing to tell him the truth. The temptation to reveal herself, and to make the sweet confession of her happiness at having saved him, would have overpowered her discretion, but for a sound that was audible on the road behind them. In the deep silence of the time and place, mistake was impossible. It was the sound of footsteps.

There was just time to whisper to him: "Sir Giles has betrayed you. Save yourself."

"Thank you, whoever you are!"

With that reply he suddenly and swiftly disappeared. Iris remembered the culvert, and turned towards it. There was a hiding-place under the arch, if she could only get down into the dry ditch in time. She was feeling her way to the slope of it with her feet, when a heavy hand seized her by the arm, and a resolute voice said: "You are my prisoner."

She was led back into the road. The man who had got her blew a whistle. Two other men joined him.

"Show a light," he said; "and let 's see who the fellow is."

The shade was slipped aside from a lantern; the light fell full on the prisoner's face. Amazement petrified the two attendant policemen. The pious Catholic Sergeant burst into speech: "Holy Mary! it 's a woman!"

The Sergeant had the handcuffs ready. After looking at the prisoner's delicate wrists by the lantern-light, he put his fetters back in his pocket. "A lady—and no doubt about it," he said to one of his assistants.

The two men waited, with a mischievous interest in seeing what he would do next. The list of their pious officer's virtues included a constitutional partiality for women, which exhibited the merciful side of justice when a criminal wore a petticoat. "We will take you to Sir Giles, Miss," he said—and offered his arm, instead of offering his handcuffs. Iris understood him, and took his arm.

She was silent—unaccountably silent, as the men thought—on the way to the town. They heard her sigh; and, once, the sigh sounded more like a sob. Little did they suspect what was in that silent woman's mind at the time.

The one object which had absorbed the attention of Iris had been the saving of Lord Harry. This accomplished, the free exercise of her memory had now reminded her of Arthur Mountjoy.

It was impossible to doubt that the object of the proposed meeting at the milestone had been to take measures for the preservation of the young man's life. A coward is always more or less cruel. The proceedings (equally treacherous and merciless) by which Sir Giles had provided for his own safety, had delayed—perhaps actually prevented—the execution of Lord Harry's inhuman design. It was possible, horribly possible, that a prompt employment of time might have been necessary to the rescue of Arthur from impending death by murder. In the agitation that

The shade was slipped aside from a lantern; the light fell full on the prisoner's face.

overpowered her, Iris actually hurried the police on their return to the town.

Sir Giles had arranged to wait for news in his private room at the office—and there he was, with Dennis Howmore in attendance to receive visitors.

The Sergeant went into the banker's room alone, to make his report. He left the door ajar; Iris could hear what passed.

"Have you got your prisoner?" Sir Giles began.

"Yes, your honour."

"Is the wretch securely handcuffed?"

"I beg your pardon, sir, it isn't a man."

"Nonsense, Sergeant; it can't be a boy."

The Sergeant confessed that it was not a boy.

"It's a woman," he said.

"What!!!"

"A woman," the patient officer repeated—"and a young one. She asked for You."

"Bring her in."

Iris was not the sort of person who waits to be brought in. She walked in of her own accord.

VII.

"Good Heavens!" cried Sir Giles. "Iris! With my cloak on!! With my hat in her hand!!! Sergeant, there has been some dreadful mistake. This is my goddaughter—Miss Henley."

"We found her at the milestone, your honour. The young lady, and nobody else."

Sir Giles appealed helplessly to his goddaughter. "What does this mean?" Instead of answering, she looked at the Sergeant. The Sergeant, conscious of responsibility, stood his ground and looked at Sir Giles. His face confessed that the Irish sense of humour was tickled; but he showed no intention of leaving the room. Sir Giles saw that Iris would enter into no explanation in the man's presence. "You needn't wait any longer," he said.

"What am I to do, if you please, with the prisoner?" the Sergeant inquired.

Sir Giles waved that unnecessary question away with his hand. He was trebly responsible—as knight, banker, and magistrate into the bargain. "I will be answerable," he replied, "for producing Miss Henley, if called upon. Good night."

The Sergeant's sense of duty was satisfied. He made the military salute. His gallantry added homage to the young lady under the form of a bow. Then, and then only, he walked with dignity out of the room.

"Now," Sir Giles resumed, "I presume I may expect to receive an explanation. What does this impropriety mean? What were you doing at the milestone?"

"I was saving the person who made the appointment with you," Iris said; "the poor fellow who had no ill-will towards you—who had risked everything to save your nephew's life. Oh, sir, you committed a terrible mistake when you refused to trust that man!"

Sir Giles had anticipated the appearance of fear, and the reality of humble apologies. She had answered him indignantly, with a heightened colour, and with tears in her eyes. His sense of his own social importance was wounded to the quick. "Who is the man you are speaking of?" he asked loftily. "And what is your excuse for having gone to the milestone to save him—hidden under my cloak, disguised in my hat?"

"Don't waste precious time in asking questions!" was the desperate reply. "Undo the harm that you have done already. Your help—oh, I mean what I say!—may yet preserve Arthur's life. Go to the farm and save him."

Sir Giles's anger assumed a new form; it indulged in an elaborate mockery of respect. He took his watch from his pocket, and consulted it satirically. "Must I make an excuse?" he asked with a clumsy assumption of humility.

"No! you must go."

"Permit me to inform you, Miss Henley, that the last train started more than two hours since."

"What does that matter? You are rich enough to hire a train."

Sir Giles, the actor, could endure it no longer; he dropped the mask, and revealed Sir Giles, the man. His clerk was summoned by a peremptory ring of the bell. "Attend Miss Henley to the house," he said. "You may come to your senses after a night's rest," he continued, turning sternly to Iris. "I will receive your excuses in the morning."

In the morning, the breakfast was ready as usual at nine o'clock. Sir Giles found himself alone at the table.

He sent an order to one of the women-servants to knock at Miss Henley's door. There was a long delay. The housekeeper presented herself in a state of alarm; she had gone upstairs to make the necessary investigation in her own person. Miss Henley was not in her room; the bed had been slept in; the heavy luggage was labelled: "To be called for from the hotel." And there was no end of the evidence which the absent Iris had left behind her.

Inquiries were made at the hotel. The young lady had called there, with her maid, early on this morning. They had their travelling-bags with them: and Miss Henley had left directions that the luggage was to be placed under care of the landlord until her return. To what destination she had betaken herself nobody knew.

Sir Giles was too angry to remember what she had said to him on the previous night, or he might have guessed at the motive which had led to her departure. "Her father has done [with her already]," he said; "and I have done with her now." The servants received orders not to admit Miss Henley, if her audacity contemplated a return to her godfather's house.

VIII.

On the afternoon of the same day Iris arrived at the village situated in the near neighbourhood of Arthur Mountjoy's farm.

The infection of political excitement (otherwise the hatred of England) had spread even to this remote place. On the steps of his little chapel, the priest, a peasant himself, was haranguing his brethren of the soil. An Irishman who paid his landlord was a traitor to his country; an Irishman who asserted his free birthright in the land that he walked on was an enlightened patriot. Such was the new law which the reverend gentleman expounded to his attentive audience. If his brethren there would like him to tell them how they might apply the law this exemplary Christian would point to the faithless Irishman, Arthur Mountjoy. "Buy not of him; sell not to him; avoid him if he approaches you; starve him out of the place. I might say more, boys—you know what I mean."

To hear the latter part of this effort of oratory, without uttering a word of protest, was a trial of endurance under which Iris trembled. The secondary effect of the priest's address was to root the conviction of Arthur's danger with tenfold tenacity in her mind. After what she had just heard, even the slightest delay in securing his safety might be productive of deplorable results. She astonished a bare-footed boy, on the outskirts of the crowd, by a gift of sixpence, and asked her way to the farm. The little Irishman ran on before her, eager to show the generous lady how useful he could be. In less than half an hour, Iris and her maid were at the door of the farm-house. No such civilised inventions appeared as a knocker or a bell. The boy used his knuckles instead—and ran away when he heard the lock of the door turned on the inner side. He was afraid to be seen speaking to any living creature who inhabited the "evicted farm."

A decent old woman appeared, and inquired suspiciously "what the ladies wanted." The accent in which she spoke was unmistakably English. When Iris asked for Mr. Arthur Mountjoy the reply was: "Not at home." The housekeeper inhospitably attempted to close the door. "Wait one moment," Iris said. "Years have changed you; but there is something in your face which is not quite strange to me. Are you Mrs. Lewson?"

The woman admitted that this was her name. "But how is it that you are a stranger to me?" she asked distrustfully.

"If you have been long in Mr. Mountjoy's service," Iris replied, "you may perhaps have heard him speak of Miss Henley?"

Mrs. Lewson's face brightened in an instant: she threw the door wide open with a glad cry of recognition.

"Come in, Miss, come in! Who would have thought of seeing you in this horrible place? Yes; I was the nurse who looked after you all three—when you and Mr. Arthur and Mr. Hugh were playfellows together." Her eyes rested longingly on her favourite of bygone days. The sensitive sympathies of Iris interpreted that look. She prettily touched her cheek, inviting the nurse to kiss her. At this act of kindness the poor old woman broke down; she apologised quaintly for her tears: "Think, Miss, how *I* must remember that happy time—when *you* have not forgotten it."

Shown into the parlour, the first object which the visitor noticed was the letter that she had written to Arthur lying unopened on the table.

"Then he is really out of the house?" she said with a feeling of relief.

He had been away from the farm for a week or more. Had he received a warning from some other quarter? and had he wisely sought refuge in flight? The amazement in the housekeeper's face, when she heard these questions, pleaded for a word of explanation. Iris acknowledged without reserve the motives which had suggested her journey, and asked eagerly if she had been mistaken in assuming that Arthur was in danger of assassination.

Mrs. Lewson shook her head. Beyond all doubt the young master was in danger. But Miss Iris ought to have known his nature better than to suppose that he would beat a retreat, if all the land-leaguers in Ireland threatened him together. No! It was his bold way to laugh at danger. He had left his farm to visit a friend in the next county: and it was shrewdly guessed that a young lady who was staying in the house was the attraction which had kept him so long away. "Anyhow, he means to come back to-morrow," Mrs. Lewson said. "I wish he would think better of it, and make his escape to England while he has the chance. If the savages in these parts must shoot somebody, I'm here—an old woman that can't last much longer. Let them shoot me."

Iris asked if Arthur's safety was assured in the next county, and in the house of his friend.

"I can't say, Miss; I have never been to the house. He is in danger if he persists in coming back to the farm. There are chances of shooting him all along his road home. Oh, yes; he knows it, poor dear, as well as I do. But, there!—men like him are such perverse creatures. He takes his rides just as usual. No; he won't listen to an old woman like me; and, as for friends to advise him, the only one of them that has darkened our doors is a scamp who had better have kept away. You may have heard tell of him. The old Earl, his wicked father, used to be called by a bad name. And the wild young lord is his father's true son."

"Not Lord Harry!" Iris exclaimed.

The outbreak of agitation in her tone and manner was silently noticed by her maid. The housekeeper did not attempt to conceal the impression that had been produced upon her. "I hope you don't know such a vagabond as that!" she said very seriously. "Perhaps you are thinking of his brother—the eldest son—a respectable man, as I have been told?"

Miss Henley passed over these questions without notice. Urged by the interest in her lover, which was now more than ever an interest beyond her control, she said: "Is Lord Harry in danger, on account of his friend?"

"He has nothing to fear from the wretches who infest our part of the country," Mrs. Lewson replied. "Report says he's one of themselves. The police—there 's what his young lordship has to be afraid of, if all 's true that is said about him. Anyhow, when he paid his visit to my master, he came secretly like a thief in the night. And I heard Mr. Arthur, while they were together here in the parlour, loud in blaming him for something he had done. No more, Miss, of Lord Harry! I have something particular to say to you. Suppose I promise to make you comfortable—will you please wait here till to-morrow and see Mr. Arthur and speak to him? If there 's a person living who can persuade him to take better care of himself, I do believe it will be you."

Iris readily consented to wait for Arthur Mountjoy's return. Left together, while Mrs. Lewson was attending to her domestic duties, the mistress noticed an appearance of preoccupation in the maid's face.

"Are you beginning to wish, Rhoda," she said, "that I had not brought you to this strange place, among these wild people?"

The maid was a quiet amiable girl, evidently in delicate health. She smiled faintly. "I was thinking, Miss, of another nobleman besides the one Mrs. Lewson mentioned just now, who seems to have led a reckless life. It was printed in a newspaper that I read before we left London."

"Was his name mentioned?" Iris asked.

"No, Miss; I suppose they were afraid of giving offence. He tried so many strange ways of getting a living—it was almost like reading a story-book."

The suppression of the name suggested a suspicion from which Iris recoiled. Was it possible that her maid could be ignorantly alluding to Lord Harry?

"Do you remember this hero's adventures?" she said.

"I can try, Miss, if you wish to hear about him."

The newspaper narrative appeared to have produced a vivid impression on Rhoda's mind. Making allowance for natural hesitations and mistakes, and difficulties in expressing herself correctly, she repeated with a singularly clear recollection the substance of what she had read.

IX.

The principal characters in the story were an old Irish nobleman, who was called the Earl, and the youngest of his two sons, mysteriously distinguished as "the wild lord."

It was said of the Earl that he had not been a good father; he had cruelly neglected both his sons. The younger one, badly treated at school, and left to himself in the holidays, began his adventurous career by running away. He got employment (under an assumed name) as a ship's boy. At the outset, he did well, learning his work, and being liked by the Captain and the crew. But the chief mate was a brutal man, and the young runaway's quick temper resented the disgraceful infliction of blows. He made up his mind to try his luck on shore, and attached himself to a company of strolling players. Being a handsome lad, with a good figure and a fine clear voice, he did very well for a while on the country stage. Hard times came; salaries were reduced; the adventurer wearied of the society of actors and actresses. His next change of life presented him in North Britain as a journalist, employed on a Scotch newspaper. An unfortunate love-affair was the means of depriving him of this new occupation. He was recognised, soon afterwards, serving as assistant steward in one of the passenger steamers voyaging between Liverpool and New York. Arrived in this last city, he obtained notoriety, of no very respectable kind, as a "medium" claiming powers of supernatural communication with the world of spirits. When the imposture was ultimately discovered, he had gained money by his unworthy appeal to the meanly prosaic superstition of modern times. A long interval had then elapsed, and nothing had been heard of him, when a starving man was discovered by a traveller, lost on a Western prairie. The ill-fated Irish lord had associated himself with an Indian tribe—had committed some offence against their laws—and had been deliberately deserted and left to die. Not long afterwards, unaccountable paragraphs appeared in newspapers; declaring, at one and the same time, that he was living among bad company in Paris, and that he was hiding disreputably in an ill-famed quarter of the city of Dublin, called "The Liberties." In any case, there was good reason to fear that Irish-American desperadoes had entangled the wild lord in the network of political conspiracy.

The maid noticed a change in the mistress which surprised her, when she had reached the end of the newspaper story. Of Miss Henley's customary good spirits not a trace remained. "Few people, Rhoda, remember what they read as well as you do." She said it kindly and sadly—and she said no more.

There was a reason for this.

Now at one time, and now at another, Iris had heard of Lord Harry's faults and failings in fragments of family history. The complete record of his degraded life, presented in an uninterrupted succession of events, had now forced itself on her attention for the first time. It naturally shocked her. She felt, as she had never felt before, how entirely right her father had been in insisting on her resistance to an attachment which was unworthy of her. So far, but no farther, her conscience yielded to its own conviction of what was just. But the one unassailable vital force in this world is the force of love. It may submit to the hard necessities of life; it may acknowledge the imperative claims of duty; it may be silent under reproach, and submissive to privation—but, suffer what it may, it is the master-passion still; subject to no artificial influences, owning no supremacy but the law of its own being. Iris was above the reach of self-reproach, when her memory recalled the daring

She put her head out to breathe the cool night-air.

action which had saved Lord Harry at the milestone. Her better sense acknowledged Hugh Mountjoy's superiority over the other man—but her heart, her perverse heart, remained true to its first choice in spite of her.

Iris set the example of retiring at an early hour to her room.

There was something terrible in the pastoral silence of the place. It associated itself mysteriously with her fears for Arthur; it suggested armed treachery on tiptoe, taking its murderous stand in hiding; the whistling passage of bullets through the air; the piercing cry of a man mortally wounded; and that man, perhaps——? Iris shrank from her own horrid thought. A momentary faintness overcame her: she opened the window. As she put her head out to breathe the cool night-air, a man on horseback rode up to the house. Was it Arthur? No: the light-coloured groom's livery that he wore was just visible.

Before he could dismount to knock at the door, a tall man walked up to him out of the darkness.

"Is that Miles?" the tall man asked.

The groom knew the voice. Iris was even better acquainted with it. She, too, recognised Lord Harry.

(To be continued.)

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HOW THE WORLD WAGS

Her Majesty will return to Windsor Castle from Balmoral, according to present arrangements, on Saturday, Nov. 16, and she proposes to stay at the Castle until Dec. 17, when the Court will remove to Osborne for two months.

The Prince and Princess of Wales will, by this time, have left Copenhagen for Gmunden, on their way to Venice, where they will embark on board the Osborne for Athens. The yacht is to be escorted by the despatch-vessel Surprise and the cruiser Scout, and off the island of Ægina she will be met by Admiral Hoskins and six ironclads of the Mediterranean squadron, which will accompany her to the Piræus. The fleet is to anchor off Salamis, and will remain there until the conclusion of the fêtes in connection with the Royal wedding.

The Empress of the French (says the *World*) lunched with the Duke and Duchess of Fife last week, afterwards driving back to Abergeldie. The Empress is looking very well, and is in good spirits. She is getting much stouter, and her hair, which is now quite grey, suits her very well. She sees a good deal of the Queen and Princess Beatrice, and has paid numerous visits to people she knows in the glen.

Miss Emma North's "coming of age" ball at the Hôtel Métropole was (says the same authority) unquestionably the social function of last week, as far as London is concerned. In spite of the Leeds Festival, the Newmarket Meeting, and the proverbial emptiness of town in October, there was no lack of dancers, and among her father's thousand friends none looked better than the Nitrate King's fair daughter in her white dress simply trimmed with lilies-of-the-valley.

One of the elephants from Sanger's Circus, which is at present at Accrington, got away from the circus on Monday morning and broke into a co-operative store. When a policeman entered he found the animal busy among the biscuits and jams. He had evidently enjoyed a good breakfast, and had become frolicsome. The keeper was called, and the elephant was removed to his own quarters.

As a souvenir of the late Dockers' Strike, we print a sketch from life of the Sweethearts and Wives, who were among the severest sufferers through that memorable struggle for more daily bread. The sketch was made in the East-End, which has now roused itself to improve the sad position of the poor women who have to labour at starvation rates for the poorest pay—a miserable wage, insufficient to keep body and soul together. We rejoice to know that the cause of these poor women, deserving of the heartiest sympathy, has been championed by the benevolent Bishop of Bedford, by Lady Sandhurst, Lady Henry Somerset, Miss Clementina Black, Mr. John Burns, Mr. Benjamin Tillett, Mr. H. H. Champion, and Mr. Tom Mann.

DESERVING PUBLIC SYMPATHY: HARD-WORKING WOMEN AT THE EAST-END.

Strike of schoolboys! This is "playing it a little low down," as our American brethren would put it. But it is a fact—ridiculous as it may appear. From more than one quarter we hear of gatherings of big schoolboys to intimidate their little schoolmates into playing truant. Most people of common-sense will favour fewer hours' study for school-children. But such scenes as have been brought about by riotous hobbledehoys must be suppressed with a strong hand.—At the Thames Police-Court, on Saturday last, Thos. Stant, nine, was charged with throwing stones to the common danger. Constable 384 K stated that at about five o'clock on the previous evening he was in Grundy-street, Poplar, when he saw the prisoner, with about 500 others, molesting small children that were leaving St. Matthias' Schools. Some had sticks, while others had stones. Witness chased and dispersed the lads, who were telling the children coming out of school that if they did not come out on strike they would bash their —— heads in. Several complaints had lately been received about the boys who were "out on strike" smashing windows in the neighbourhood. Mr. Mead said a stop must be put to this ridiculous folly that was going on in this neighbourhood. He should fine the prisoner 5s., and hoped that would warn the lads not to repeat their conduct.

Captain Verney, Liberal, was on Saturday declared elected for North Bucks by a majority of 208. He polled 4855, against 4647 given to the Hon. Evelyn Hubbard, the Conservative candidate. This is a gain of another seat to the Liberal Party. At Elgin, Mr. J. Seymour Keay (Liberal) was returned by a majority of 532 over Mr. C. B. Logan (Dissentient Liberal).

Sir Robert Peel is the Liberal candidate for Brighton, against Mr. Gerald Loder, Conservative. The vacancy, it will be remembered, is caused by the suicide of Sir Tindal Robertson.

Influenced, it is believed, by the strong popular feeling manifested in favour of Queen Natalie, the Servian Government consented to a meeting between her and her son. The interview took place last Saturday, and lasted an hour and a half, the young King being accompanied by his tutor. Her Majesty is now determined to make Belgrade her permanent residence, and is negotiating for the purchase of a palace.

Mr. Gladstone last Sunday morning attended divine service at Hawarden parish church, reading both lessons. Afterwards the right hon. gentleman walked through the village, accompanied by Lady Frederick Cavendish, who is at present visiting at the castle.

John Cunningham, a Salvation Army captain at Shirley, Southampton, has been charged at the County Police-Court with creating an obstruction by holding a public meeting in the street on Sunday evening. He had previously undergone seven days' imprisonment for a similar offence, and was now fined 10s. and costs or fourteen days' imprisonment. He went to prison. Several witnesses stated that no obstruction of the footpath was occasioned.

About seven o'clock on the evening of the 11th a distressing fatality occurred at 48, Solon New-road, Clapham. Mrs. Guy, wife of the tenant, who is a solicitor, was alone in the house with her two children. She was confined to her bed by illness, and had the younger child, a boy of three, in bed with her. She had fallen asleep, but was awakened by a smell of smoke, and found her other child, a girl of six, on the heartbrug, her clothes being in flames. The terrified mother threw the quilt over the girl to smother the flames, and, rushing from the room with the boy in her arms, called to the girl to follow. In her haste to raise an alarm she fell downstairs, but recovered herself and called the neighbours. Police-constables and firemen soon arrived. Dr. A. Marsh on entering the bed-room found the little girl dead, her body being frightfully burned. Mrs. Guy was also burned about the knees, and the boy had suffered similarly.

At Merthyr on Saturday last a cock-fight took place on the mountain-side, the stakes being £2 a side. The birds had been in training some time, and there was betting upon the event. The facts have leaked out, and it appears that several fights have taken place previously. In this instance the battle was concluded in the first round, the cock from Swansea-road district being the victor.

A lady, Miss Elizabeth Dene, has been summoned to the West London Police-Court "for riding a bicycle furiously." The police, who prosecuted, said that the defendant, riding at a fast rate, ran against a little girl who was carrying a baby, knocking her down. Witnesses were called for the defence to prove that the girl ran into the bicycle, but in the result a fine of twenty shillings and two shillings costs was imposed.

A sudden death occurred during Divine service at St. Peter's Church, Colchester, on Sunday night. While the Vicar, the Rev. H. Caddell, was reading the second lesson, a young woman named Parsons coughed violently, and immediately fell forward, blood gushing from her mouth and nostrils. She was carried to the vestry, but died just as she entered it. She had been late for service, and had hurried up the hill.

Sir William Macgregor, the Administrator of New Guinea, recently landed at Demara to search for the natives who murdered two white men some time ago. The Administrator's party was attacked by 250 natives, but succeeded in beating off their assailants with a loss of four killed and eleven wounded. The rest of the natives fled, and their village was subsequently burned.

On the afternoon of the 9th inst. a daring feat was performed at Widnes. Tom Burn, of Liverpool, who is noted for his endurance both in swimming and running, jumped off Runcorn Bridge into the Mersey, a distance of 85 ft., and swam to Liverpool. He then dressed and started on a journey to London and back, having made a wager to do the distance on foot in nine days. He reached London on Monday, and then proceeded to London Bridge. Quickly divesting himself of his clothes, he appeared dressed in a neat costume of red, and, mounting the parapet, he took a header into the stream. Just before he got to the water, however, he appeared to turn a somersault and fall on his back. On rising to the surface he swam nearly a quarter of a mile before getting into the skiff which was in waiting for him. From first to last no interference was met with from the police. Burns started on his return journey on Tuesday.

A fire occurred in Bermondsey on Saturday last. All the inmates of the house, with the exception of a young woman lodger, safely made their escape at the first alarm, but she was unable to reach the ground floor before the stairs had caught alight. The young woman, however, made her way through one of the bed-room windows on to the roof, and screamed for help. Some of the bystanders promptly procured a sheet, and she leaped into it and was safely caught.

Tobacconists Commencing.—See Illus. Guide, 220 pages, 3 stamps. Tobacconists' Outfitting Company (Reg.), 11 and 12, Beech-street, London, E.C. Wholesale.—[Advt.]

THE RACING WORLD

Gossips at the clubs on Monday were of opinion that the Jockey Club made a well-advised alteration in moving the Cesarewitch from the Tuesday to Thursday of their Second October week. They had a really good day in gate receipts. No doubt the beautiful weather to a great extent accounted for the capital attendance, but I expect that in the future we shall find the alteration generally popular.

Never did a Cesarewitch Week Lead to so much Bitterness of Feeling.

Somehow it happened that nearly all the connections of William Goater's stable found him to give Primrose Day (who may be objected to) a bad word, or at least to show strong cause why she should not win. Those who suffered from this sort of tip not to back her included all manner of folk who at one time or another had done their informants good turns.

The Famela-Minthe Case Constituted a Public Scandal,

if viewed in the light by which most racing men read it. You see the precedent established by the Jockey Club in the Middlethorpe muddle at Northampton three years ago laid down the law that horses under the starter's orders for a race are starters even if the starter is at the wrong post. The Jockey Club, as regards the Newmarket Oaks, upset all that, because they assented to declaring bets void if the affair ended in a walk-over on Friday, which

Virtually Amounted to Saving Odds Laid on the Favourite.

From these disagreeables I can now turn, having alluded to them as a matter of duty, to Cambridgeshire prospects. I was not far off the mark with my Cesarewitch tips, which, if not quite so successful as I hoped they would be,

Gave Splendid Hedging, as I went for Two 100 to 6 Chances which saw 7 to 1.

Perhaps I may do better in the shorter race, whose winner is, I must confess, generally harder to find than that of the Cesarewitch. Certainly a bird's-eye glance at the list of probable starters and jockeys is not encouraging. There are too many of them, and, though the number may be reduced, we are left to contemplation of a possible array of thirty competitors. Do readers recollect my remarking some weeks ago, about the time that I said Primrose Day could give a lot of weight to Poet Laureate, that Danbydale, 4 yrs. 6 st. 5 lb., appeared to stop the way for speculation in the Cambridgeshire? He has been difficult to train, but I am told that

Ronda is Better at the Weights.

Now, I hold respect for Veracity, and should fancy Danbydale but for Ronda. She must be handy. Next Veracity is Mephisto, whom I will pass by. Goldseeker with a run is dangerous, but not so threatening as Sheen, who was nearly second best on Thursday week. The Rejected will be a little outclassed. Van Dieman's Land has too much weight. Grafton is simply not good enough.

Vasistas Ought to do Better than He did in the Cesarewitch,

but will not give the year to Philomel. My latest report from Newmarket was that

Philomel was All Right; but the Stable is Dead Out of Form,

and when that is so you fear to stand on it for a big race. The Baron has no chance at all, nor has Rêve d'Or, although her owner is quite hopeful of seeing the mare land a good stake ere she retires to the stud. Of Laureate we may hear more before the day, though he is, I fear, not half so good at three as he was at two years of age. Surbiton ran well in the Cesarewitch. Whitelegs may be dangerous, for one cannot look over the Ascot form without feeling that he is good when wanted. I shall take the next pair,

Caerlaverock and Zanzibar,

on my side, though the latter is now amiss. Caerlaverock ran capitally at Doncaster, and made a good show before Volume and Noble Chieftain; while as for Zanzibar she is remarkably well handicapped, and is strongly fancied by her stable, not forgetting the noble sportsman who owns her. Belle Mahone I will not have, but

I will not Leave Out Wishing Gate.

Her trial the other day was all wrong, of that I am quite sure. Link Boy might give trouble. The 2000 yards of the race is more of the Kempton Jubilee Stakes measure, and to his liking, and we shall find this a good colt some day. Theophilus is very useful. Davenport, like Link Boy, will be seen to greater advantage at a mile and a bit than when set to go more than two miles. Bartizan cannot get one mile on an easy course, so goodness knows how he can race from end to end in the Cambridgeshire. Sweetbriar has gone off a great deal this year.

Primrose Day shall be my First Choice.

I need not say more about her than that she won the Cesarewitch all the way. Martley has disappointed till I am sick of him, and cannot risk further disappointment. Mont d'Or is well backed, but suffers from a pain in his temper. Looking through my notes, I find that I prefer Primrose Day, Ronda, Vasistas, Philomel, Whitelegs, Caerlaverock, Davenport, Zanzibar (if not Volume), Wishing Gate, Aperse, and Ixia, a selection of themselves enough to make a biggish field. But I have merely, so to speak, put a mark against the likely ones as I came to them, and will weed out liberally. Vasistas shall go, because I think the light-weights will beat him. Aperse is hardly fast enough. Zanzibar will, I believe, beat Caerlaverock, but both may slide. Whitelegs can scarcely cope with Zanzibar: there is another gone, a way in which I suppose Wishing Gate may as well follow. Now I have far against the field, and, upon my word, scarcely know how to pick among them. Primrose Day I must have, and reluctantly let Davenport go. Ronda must be one of mine, provided she remains Weever's selected, and Philomel, whom I took when the weights came out. Ixia is sure to be at a longish price. I will go for

Primrose Day or Ixia to Win,

and put Ronda and Philomel next dangerous in order as written. Somehow I feel very hopeful about Ixia as an investment for a win and a place also. This is just about the sort of race Ryan would win.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME

When that classic arena of British sports, Kennington Oval, has been made the scene of a match, then we know that

Our National Winter Game

of football is in full swing in the metropolitan district. October is very properly regarded in the south as the first of the football months, and men require a match or two to get into something approaching form and condition, especially as so many have but just concluded their annual holiday, which does not necessarily contribute to the physical fitness for playing so hard a game as football. The

Opening Match

at the Oval, which took place last Saturday, was a very interesting one. It was between Sunderland and the London Casuals. Sunderland have not yet achieved the greatness which has made the names of Preston North End, West Bromwich Albion, Aston Villa, Corinthians, and Blackburn Rovers household words, but they had already shown form sufficiently good to cause their visit to London to be pleasurably anticipated, and there was a large attendance at Kennington in consequence. Sunderland is in England, we know, and at any other game than football great surprise would no doubt have been evinced at the fact that nearly every man in the team was a Scotsman. However, the eleven represented Sunderland for the nonce, and it played a splendid game. The famous

Brothers Walters

were playing in the back division for the Casuals, who also had Holden White and other fine players doing duty for them. Without the brothers things would have gone very badly with the Casuals during the early part of the match, so great was the pressure put on by the Northerners, and it was not without some surprise that the Casuals were seen to score the first goal. The shot would have been stopped by the goal-keeper, in all probability, but Oliver rushed up, and the ball went through off him. The fine play of Sunderland, of whom Harvey was, perhaps, the most conspicuous, told in the end, however, and they won by three goals to one. Our Artist has depicted several incidents of the match, not the least curious of which was the very unusual occurrence of a man, when floored, still retaining his presence of mind and kicking a goal when in that position. There can be but little doubt, if Sunderland always play as well as they did on Saturday, that they will have to be reckoned with, in the future, as an important factor in the dribbling game.

Other matches at football played on Saturday were of great interest. The match at Burnley, between Burnley and West Bromwich Albion, aroused the greatest enthusiasm in a large crowd, Burnley playing very brilliantly, and all but winning.

The Albion Goalkeeper,

Bromage, won the match for his side, who scored two goals to one; but Burnley unfortunately had a player injured, and so, for more than half the time, played ten men only. Why footballers do not adopt the sensible plan in vogue at lacrosse, and make a rule

ATHLETES FIND INVALUABLE
ATHLETES FOR TRAINING PURPOSES.
ATHLETES FOR TRAINING PURPOSES.
ATHLETES FOR TRAINING PURPOSES.
ATHLETES FOR TRAINING PURPOSES.
ATHLETES FOR TRAINING PURPOSES.
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
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ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
ELLIMAN'S FOR RHEUMATISM.
ELLIMAN'S FOR LUMBAGO, SPRAINS.
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that on a player being incapacitated by injury the other side shall take a man off, I cannot conceive. The present rule is a premium on rough play, and makes the results of many matches very fluky. Seeing how very accurately the game is now played, the loss of one man out of eleven is a serious one.

The

Defeat of Richmond

by the Harlequins is in the mouths of all Rugby players. For years Richmond and Blackheath have had matters entirely their own way in the London district, last season bringing them their first serious check. That other clubs, such as the London Scottish and Old Leysians, and now the Harlequins, have shown themselves to be entitled to rank beside them is a matter of hearty congratulation. It would by no means be so if this state of affairs were due to any serious deterioration on the part of literally, of centuries of experience, and this experience has fixed upon a certain size and weight for the ball. The Americans, in very recent times, take up the game, and one of the absolutely first things they do is to bring into use a smaller and lighter ball. Why they did such a thing no man on this side of the Atlantic can divine. Of course, a man who has all his life played with the ball which, in every other part of the world except in the three courts which form the sum total of the playing accommodation in the United States, cannot be expected to fall in with a Yankee whim to his own certain detriment. Saunders very generously proposes to find a set of balls (a set is nine dozen) for his opponent to practise with, and will play in either England or America, providing he is allowed one month's practice in the court in which the match is to take place. He is now awaiting an answer to his challenge.

OPENING MATCH OF THE FOOTBALL SEASON AT THE OVAL.

Blackheath or Richmond; but it is, happily, due to the good play of the others. The Harlequins F.C. is one of the oldest of such institutions, and was once at the top of the tree. The way it has once risen to high estate is very creditable, and the enthusiasm of some of the old members knew no bounds. Among the most enthusiastic was, of course, that very enthusiastic gentleman who will be well known by his *nom de guerre*,

McCullum Hill.

Blackheath have A. E. Stoddart once more among them, and played so irresistibly on Saturday against the Middlesex Wanderers that they won by the large majority of four goals and three tries to one try. Earlier, securing five goals and three tries to nothing; but the London Scottish surpassed even this by defeating the Marlborough Nomads by seven goals and four tries to nothing. There is some fine play in store when the victors in these matches meet later on.

The 1000 Yards Professional Championship

was decided too late in the week for us to produce pictures of the same. These will appear next week.

Tennis

is scarcely a game of the people, but, in view of the challenge of the English champion, C. Saunders, to play Pettitt, the American, and champion of the world, the handicap decided last week at Manchester was full of interest. Saunders's magnificent play astonished several of the amateurs, who are now more inclined to think that perhaps Saunders is, after all, good enough for the American. As in most international matches, there is

A Hitch.

Tennis is the oldest game in the world that is now played. Its rules and regulations are the outcome,

To Athletes.—Cadbury's Cocoa is absolutely pure, and contains, in a concentrated form, admirable nutritive, flesh-forming qualities, strength, and staying power.—[Advt.]

Mr. Innes's professional

Sculling Handicap

was a success, considering the very poor show of talent there is at command. Among the competitors was the American Lee, who all but won the Diamond Sculls on the occasion of Mr. T. C. Edwards-Moss's victory, some years ago now. Naturally, he had not improved in the interim. A good race ensued in the final between W. East and J. Corcoran, who sculled with Mr. Guy Nickalls during his training for the Diamond and Wingfield Sculls. East was winning easily at one time, but owing, he said, to his boat not suiting him, was able to finish three-quarters of a length only in front. Let it be hoped that Mr. Innes's venture may lead to other steps towards the regeneration of English sculling.

Where are England's Scullers?

was a query that was ripe after Monday's race, in which, as I predicted would be the case, Matterson defeated Bubear. George Bubear sculled well—for him: but, as I before stated, I never thought much of his best. He is a poor successor to Kelly and Sadler. The Australian led from the start, and won very easily. There was a very powerful tide, and the record that was in consequence anticipated was duly made, the winner's time from Putney to Mortlake being 22 min. 2 sec., or 16 sec. faster than the previous best. Bubear explained that his right arm "went" after Hammersmith—as if that were any excuse. If he hadn't had to scull so hard from the very first stroke he would have been all right.—BANSHEE.

LEGAL COLUMN

["Lex" will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of "The Penny Illustrated Paper."]

XVIII.—PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

The learned and famous Blackstone, in his well-known "Commentaries on the Law of England," begins his chapter of "Parent and Child" with a statement that children are of two sorts—legitimate and illegitimate; and then he proceeds to discourse at considerable length on the law of [illegible]timacy. This is, no doubt, a very proper beginning for such a chapter; but we must dismiss this point very briefly. In English law, unlike the law of many foreign countries, the only children who are legitimate are those who are born of wedlock; and the subsequent marriage of the parents of an illegitimate child will not legitimatise the child.

We are yet a long way off from Plato's "ideal Republic," in which the State is the guardian of all the children. By the laws of England, like those of all civilised nations, parents are, in the first place, responsible for the maintenance, education, and protection of their children.

The Elementary Education Acts impose upon parents the obligation, where they have the means, to have their children properly educated. If parents fail to send their children to a public elementary school, or otherwise see to their education, they are liable to be fined, in the case of children between the ages of five and thirteen, unless the children have reached a certain "standard," which in London is the Fifth Standard.

An Englishman will scarcely be required to be told that a father may, as Blackstone says,

"Lawfully Correct his Son,"

if done in a reasonable manner, and this authority may be delegated to a tutor or schoolmaster. The father is generally entitled to the control of his child's person, and may regain it by writ of "habeas corpus," unless the father has proved himself by his conduct grossly unfit to have the care of children, or the child has become a Ward in Chancery.

A Ward in Chancery

is a child in respect of whom there is money in court. It has appeared sometimes to foreigners rather a satire upon our English civilisation that the law is so much more solicitous for the care of rich children than for the care of poor. It is a highly

Punishable Offence

by force or fraud to take or retain a child under fourteen out of the custody of its parents. In the case of an unmarried girl, to remove or abduct her out of the possession and against the will of her father and mother, or other person having the care of her, is punishable up to eighteen, or if she have property (!) up to twenty-one.

In dealing with the law of marriage we have already explained when the consent of parents to marriage is necessary. The Court of Chancery must sanction the marriage of its wards, and marriage without such consent is punishable as "contempt." Control of parents over their children ceases when they attain twenty-one, or are married at an earlier age, which, says Blackstone (knowing perhaps little of matrimony), "is another species of emancipation." Mothers, in England, have, generally speaking, very little legal control over their children during the lifetime of the father; and, until 1886, a father could, by appointing a guardian, deprive his wife of the control of their children after his death. Fortunately that law is now somewhat altered, for, by an Act of 1886, on the death of the father of an infant, the mother, if surviving, would be the guardian of that infant, either alone, when no guardian has been appointed by the father, or jointly with another guardian appointed by the father. A father, ever since the reign of Charles II., could appoint a guardian by deed or will over such of his unmarried children as were infants; and now, by this Act of 1886, a mother has power to appoint a guardian by deed or will to act after the death of both father and mother, and,

If both Parents appoint Guardians,

then the two sets of guardians are to act jointly. Where the guardians cannot agree, the fortunes of the unhappy infant are in the discretion of the Court of Chancery. The Court of Chancery has, indeed, for many generations exercised great control over infants.

ANSWERS.

W. X. Y.—There is no Statutory Scale which definitely fixes every item of the allowances to be made for Income-tax purposes, nor do you give sufficient particulars as to what proportion of your income arises from houses, nor whether the houses are under the limit at which they are exempt from house duty. You had better make out an account claiming all possible deductions, and see the surveyor of taxes thereon.

W. Thomas.—You can now distrain for the six months' rent ending Sept. 29 last (see our recent articles on the Law of Distress.)

A Constant Reader.—A man earning the small wages you mention may still be liable to contribute to the support of his insane son in the county asylum if the Justices think that the man's means permit an order to be made for that purpose, but under the circumstances of this case the father should resist the order being made, and state all the circumstances to the Justices as to his wages, expenses, &c.

LEX.

A STORY FROM WINDSOR CASTLE.

It is so unfrequent that the Queen is wrong on a point of detail that the following story is worth telling: An artist who bears a double-barrelled appellation, which is pretty well known to fame, was ordered to take down a military picture for exhibition at Windsor. He did so, and the Queen on seeing it at once remarked that in a certain unimportant particular one of the uniforms was incorrectly painted. The artist was so little of a courtier as to protest respectfully that he was right, and her Majesty to convince him sent for a specimen soldier from the guard on duty. He came, and an examination of his coat proved that the artist was correct. It is only fair to add that an alteration had only recently been made by the authorities, of which the Queen was, apparently, not aware.—*Figaro.*

The Portrait of Mr. McDougall, L.C.C., printed in our last Number, was from a lifelike portrait taken by Messrs. Fradelle and Young, at the Photo-Mezzotint Gallery, 246, Regent-street.

THE PEOPLE'S ARMY

The Patriotic Fund

was all very well when it was started spontaneously by the Lord Mayor of London for the purpose of completing the equipment of Metropolitan corps; but it is one thing for a Lord Mayor to do this sort of thing, and quite another for a Secretary for War to go stumping round the country—as Mr. Stanhope was doing last week—to get similar funds started in every place where Volunteers are not as completely provided as they ought to be. The Government has, once for all, accepted the support of the Volunteer Force as a national duty; and for the Secretary for War to take this new tone is directly to ignore the liability accepted. He sets up what has been done in London as an excuse for the new idea that Government must do nothing more. He says that if big and wealthy places like London and Manchester subscribe to equip their Volunteers, it is not to be expected that the Government can come to the assistance of corps less fortunately placed. Then who is to keep the force going outside the big towns? A great national patriotic fund, I suppose: but who is going to start it? And what a strange position to be adopted by a Cabinet Minister whose department has actually reckoned the Volunteer Force into the system of national defence as a factor which cannot be dispensed with. The military authorities stick to

The Defence System

more practically, and this week have announced that all Volunteer officers in the Metropolis and Home District who please may take a share in the reconnaissance work for the winter marked out mainly for the exercise of the Guards and other Regular officers. The country between London and the sea-coast has been selected for the purpose, especially the hilly line between Epsom and Ashstead on the one side, and the Kent border due eastward. This is to be thoroughly explored during the next four months, and the gradients and width of all roads, the capability of bridges to bear artillery, the position of sites for camps, the billeting accommodation and capacity for defence of villages, the best places for guns and intrenchments—in short, everything which can come within the scope of reconnaissance work with an enemy lying at Reigate, is to be examined in detail and in a systematic way. For instance, a portion of the line of country is devoted to the Grenadiers and their officers, and the officers of Volunteer corps attached to the Grenadiers only will be allowed to explore in that section; and so with the Coldstreams and Scots and their attached Volunteer corps. Meanwhile, three Volunteer corps have had a good

Outpost Evening

on a portion of the ground now becoming so interesting from the Metropolitan military point of view: and the men of the Victorias, St. George's, and Croydon Corps must, last Saturday, have come to the conclusion that it is not necessary to go all the way to Eastbourne and Aldershot to find hills that need climbing, and rough commons which require careful traversing. The Caterham heights are quite steep and cornery enough for the purpose: and the prolongation of the operations after nightfall enabled one to see that Volunteers are becoming as good signallers with lamps as ever they have been with flags. The Cyclists, too, came well into play, and were very useful; but the experience of one wheelman at least gave the impression that the ordinary regimental greatcoat is not the sort of thing with which to ride a "Safety." There will, I am informed, be a good deal more of this wheel work to-day, when the 3rd Middlesex Rifles and London Scottish practise outposts about Barnet, with Colonel Savile for umpire. But about this Caterham business, the fact that we are near

The Close of the Volunteer Year

was made plainly evident by the presence of some very wild firers, presumably raw hands who have been raw since they joined. It is to be feared that at these autumn outpost practices the musters are largely made up of men who have been neglecting their duty all the year, and now want to put in their drills. Frequently it was noticed that men on high ground were firing much too high to hit the enemy hidden by bushes below them; and even officers were ordering volleys without giving the range. I missed the necessary "at 300 yards," or 200, or 500, as the case might be. It is strange that so many of our best men, who have been sticking to their work all through the year, ignore parades after the inspection, and leave these important musters to those who really want one or two company drills to qualify them for the grant, and a lot more, too, to be really efficient.

Marden Park,

on the Kent and Surrey border, was supposed to be the base of one of the sides in this Caterham battle, and the mention of the name recalls the fact that the Croydon Corps has recently obtained a very fine range there, probably the best to be found round London. Unfortunately, it is seventeen miles down by railway, and the fares are high; so that at present the Croydon Corps has it all to itself. Mr. Stanhope said last week, very carefully, and in language even a little bit mysterious, that the Government would be disposed to come to the aid of corps experiencing difficulty in getting ranges. This is taken to mean that probably money would be advanced free of interest, for the actual purchase of ground; but unquestionably the best kind of help for London corps would be the subsidising of the railway companies to provide special trains or very low fares, for Bisley (when it is ready) or Marden Park. A system of this kind might get the Croydon Corps a lot of profitable tenants, and remove some of the London range difficulty.

Free Uniforms for Officers

is quite a new tale in Volunteering; yet I hear that a Scottish corps has been for some time offering such an inducement. I do not know of any regulation to prevent this, but surely it was never contemplated; and one is not surprised to hear that the officering of that battalion is not satisfactory. It is stated to be largely in debt, too, and chronically so. The Scottish District Commander should know more about this.

EYES FRONT.

One of Dr. Locock's Pulmonic Wafers, taken two or three times a day, instantly relieves bronchitis, asthma, consumption, and coughs. Of all Druggists.—[Advt.]

To Darken Grey Hair.—Lockyer's Sulphur Hair Restorer is the quickest, best, safest, and cheapest. Large Bottles, 1s. 6d. Everywhere.—[Advt.]

THE WEST-END LIBEL CASE: SKETCHES IN COURT.

Many a scandal is brought to light in that vast West-End world of London which is the haunt of the heterogeneous well-dressed mob known as "Society." Only a tithe of the scandals known to the police authorities find publicity, or London would enjoy a considerably worse reputation than it does in this year of grace, when Civilisation halts, but Luxury advances with a giant's stride.

* * * * *

There are scandals current which it would be inexpedient to breathe a word about. But it was one of less moment, though it has set the tongues of many gossips wagging, that drew our Artist to a West-End police-court to make the above Sketches. It was on the 10th of October that

Mrs. Clara Blomfield Moore,

residing at 12, Great Stanhope-street, Mayfair, was first summoned at the West London Police-Court for unlawfully publishing a false and defamatory libel concerning Mr. John Arthur Chandor, of 60, Jermyn-street. There was also a summons against Colonel Hughes-Hallett for publishing a libel against the same gentleman. In the information against the lady it was stated that three letters received by Lord Robert Montagu were in the defendant's handwriting, and contained serious allegations which were untrue. Mr. Poland, Q.C., with Mr. Horace Avory, appeared for the defendant, Mrs. Moore, the lady portrayed, who was allowed to have a seat, as she was not well. Mr. Wontner again appeared for the complainant, and read the letters—one being in the form of an anonymous letter addressed to the defendant. It was (according to the *Daily News*' report) a warning to her against "this man, socially and financially." It also stated that he was living with a young lady whom he seduced, four years ago, by whom he had two children, and that he had a wife and six children in America, whom he had deserted.

The Magistrate,

at the conclusion of the learned counsel's argument on Saturday last, said that he should adhere to his decision to send the case to a higher court. Mr. St. John Wontner then called Lord Robert Montagu, recalled Mrs. Hughes-Hallett, and likewise asked Madame Carolina Von Schaumberg, the latter's mother, to depose to the receipt of the aforesaid letters injurious to the reputation of Mr. Chandor.

Mrs. Blomfield Moore,

the defendant, having been duly cautioned previous to her committal for trial, made the following statement: "I would like to say that in sending these letters I sent all of them in perfect good faith, wishing to do by those whom I considered my friends as I would wish to be done by were the circumstances reversed."

The defendant was then committed to the Central Criminal Court, her own recognisances to appear there being taken in £50.

So wags the world in the Wild West of London!

THE CZAR AND THE EMPEROR WILLIAM.

We believe the destinies of nations will be more and more guided by the hands of the Peoples for the general welfare than by monarchs and statesmen for their selfish purposes. The Democracy in every country is rapidly gaining power, and those sovereigns and politicians who strive to stem its righteous tide will speedily be swept away. It is highly improbable that these signs of the times were not in the minds of the Emperors of Russia and Germany during their recent meeting in Berlin. They will be wise if they promptly adopt those measures which will most effectively and most rapidly lessen the want and misery from which the vast majority of their subjects suffer, mainly owing, in the first place, to the enormously large Armies each Great Power is called upon to maintain, and, in the second place, to the greed of the rich capitalists, to whom the Emperor William II.—to his credit be it said—has given a significant warning. In strong and hearty endeavours to ameliorate the hard lot of the toiling millions of Russia and Germany, and to promote political freedom, will both Emperors find their safest bulwarks against the machinations of revolutionary Nihilists and Socialists.

* * * * *

It was on Friday morning, the 11th of October, that the Emperor William of Germany warmly welcomed the Emperor of Russia to Berlin. William II. wore his green Russian uniform, with the blue ribbon of the Russian Order of St. Andreas. With elastic step the German Emperor, followed by Prince Albrecht, entered the Lehrter Station and passed the company of Guards, which was commanded by Prince Leopold. The Prince lowered his sword, and reported to the Emperor in military style. The Emperor shook hands with him, and then with a firm step paced along the front, saluted with a sonorous "Guten Tag, Majestät!" (Good day, your Majesty) by the gigantic soldiers. His Imperial Majesty gave the heartiest of greetings to Prince Bismarck. Then at ten o'clock the Czar's train, drawn by two engines, rolled into the station to the strains of the Russian National Hymn. The Emperor William stepped forward towards the rails and saluted repeatedly, apparently returning the salutes of the Russian officials and military

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM II., THE CZAR'S BERLIN HOST.

officers who were looking out of the carriage windows. The Czar descended the steps of his drawing-room car, and both Sovereigns embraced and kissed each other's cheeks. Directly behind the colossal form of the Czar came the Grand Duke George, a slender figure in the uniform of a Russian Uhlan. After the Czar had greeted the Princes of the Imperial House, he shook hands with Prince Bismarck.

* * * * *

The two Emperors drove through the principal streets of Berlin (which has lately been fully described and illustrated in this Paper) to the Russian Embassy, whence they witnessed the march-past of the soldiers who had lined the route. A luncheon followed, at which the Russian Ambassador, Count Schuvaloff, welcomed his Sovereign, who proposed the health of the German Emperor. In the afternoon, Prince Bismarck called at the Embassy, and was closeted with the Czar for an hour and twenty minutes. A dinner was given at night in the White Hall of the Imperial Palace. The Emperor William, in proposing the health of his visitor, said he was resolved to cherish, as a legacy left him by his ancestors, the friendship which had subsisted between the German and Russian Houses for over a hundred years. To this the Czar returned a cordial reply.

* * * * *

The Emperor William drove to the Russian Embassy shortly before seven o'clock on Saturday morning to take his Imperial guest to Schorfheide, near Eberswalde, half an hour's run by rail from Berlin. The two Emperors, who were in hunting dress, had excellent sport, as the weather was very favourable. Early in the day the Czar shot a magnificent stag. The party lunched at Hubertusstock at about two, and then continued their shooting till nearly five o'clock. Their Majesties then dined in the little Schloss.

* * * * *

The Czar's important pacific visit to the Emperor William closed last Sunday afternoon, when his Majesty left Berlin for Ludwigslust. The leave-taking of the Emperors is described as of the most cordial character. After visiting the mausoleum of the late Emperor William, the Czar attended service at the Russian Embassy, and afterwards lunched with the officers of the Alexander Regiment, at which the Emperor William proposed the toast of the Russian Army, paying a tribute to the gallantry of the troops who defended Sebastopol and stormed Plevna. The Czar next went to the castle, and, having taken leave of the Empress Augusta and the Empress Frederick, proceeded to the railway station, where a brilliant gathering had assembled to bid farewell to his Majesty. Before the departure the two Emperors repeatedly embraced each other, and the Czar shook hands with most of those present. The Emperor Alexander presented to the Imperial Chancellor and Count Herbert Bismarck two valuable snuff-boxes, richly decorated, and having on one side his Majesty's portrait in miniature.

SPREAD OF THE STRIKE EPIDEMIC: SCHOOLBOYS ON STRIKE!

LONDON RAMBLES.—No. II.

From the quadrangle with the terrace and fig-tree of Staple Inn a large gateway opens out upon a street which leads directly into Chancery-lane. And there, if you turn to your left, before you have gone many steps you will come immediately in front of the fine old blackened gate-house of

Lincoln's Inn,

with the arms of the De Laceys, whose mansion once stood here, and of Sir Thomas Lovell, who built it, still above the low arched entrance. On one side is a comparatively new brick pile, its

THE OLD GATEWAY OF LINCOLN'S INN, CHANCERY-LANE.

colour fortunately fast toning down into greater harmony with the time and fog-stained Tudor building; but on the other rises still more of the dingy old brickwork, little gables above, and, running up the entire length of the wall, queer old chimneys, which look like so many straight buttresses.

And here it was that

Ben Jonson

"helped in the structure of Lincoln's Inn, where, having a trowel in his hand, he had a book in his pocket." The exact part upon which he worked may no longer be standing, but it must have been hereabouts that he came and went, not too busy with his mason's work, for the old story has it "that he wrought some time with his father-in-lawe, and particularly on the garden wall of Lincoln's Inne, next to Chancery Lane, and that . . . a Bencher walking thro' and hearing him repeat some Greek verses out of Homer, discoursing with him, and finding him to have a witt extraordinary, gave him some exhibition to maintaine him at Trinity College in Cambridge." "O rare Ben Jonson!" Is not this in itself enough to make Lincoln's Inn sacred ground to all right-minded English-speaking men?

The Old Buildings,

black and gabled, with the same curious chimneys and no less curious turret-like projections, run around one side of the first quadrangle. And on the other is the chapel by Inigo Jones,

THE OLD HALL, LINCOLN'S INN.

with the stained-glass windows of which Archbishop Laud once made such good capital, and the cloisters where Pepys once walked on a June morning, admiring the new garden then constructing. There are gardens in Lincoln's Inn to-day, always fresh and trim with gay flower-beds and pleasant trees. But they are not quite what they must have been in the old times, when Steele, in his moods too thoughtful for company, came to take a round or two in the walks under the elms which Ben Jonson praised; and it was there, one bright frosty night, he imagined his vision of "The Return of the Golden Age."

Almost Too Many Memories

cluster about these courts and gardens, where the barristers, in gowns and wigs, hurry to and fro. In passing, one has time to awaken but a few, those for which one cares most. But I think, with the names of Ben Jonson, Pepys, and Steele, one cannot but recall—especially if one has the least little spark of love for liberty—the name of William Penn, who taught, in his Constitution of Pennsylvania, that "any government is free to the people under it, whatever be the frame, where the laws rule and the people are parties to those laws; and more than this is tyranny, oligarchy, and confusion"; and who, long before he drew up his Constitution, had been entered a student at Lincoln's Inn. And of Prynne, who, while living here, wrote his famous "Histrio-Mastix," for which he did penance in the pillory under the shadow of Westminster Abbey, and had both his ears cut off. And of Thurloe, Cromwell's friend, who also had chambers in the Inn—and to them, no doubt, the great Oliver often came.

And even thicker about one crowd these memories in

Lincoln's Inn-fields,

into which the newer gateway of the Inn leads—memories of great events in history; for here it was Lord Russell was beheaded—here where the great open green space, with its grateful shade, looks so peaceful and smiling, so unconscious of heart-breaking tragedy in the past. "This has been to me a place of sinning, and God now make it the place of my punishment!" were his words as he passed into the Fields.

Of great and less sad events in the theatrical world Lincoln's Inn-fields has more than enough to tell—tales to last a Scheherazade her thousand and one nights. For in

The Duke's Theatre,

which once stood at its southern side, how many actors and actresses of other days won their laurels! Here Betterton and Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Bracegirdle were favourites; here Congreve's new plays were brought out, and, when one Rich was manager, "The Beggar's Opera," with such success that, according to a saying then about town, "Gay grew rich, and Rich gay"; and it was here Pepys, who dearly loved a play, found more than one good subject for gossip, all of which you may read in his "Diary."

But Lincoln's Inn-fields is essentially a literary haunt. Why, even now, is it not consecrated as the headquarters of the Incorporated Society of Authors, who have their rooms on Portugal-street? And what a goodly list of names one could make out from Addison, who many a time and oft took his ease and probably his chop in Serle's Coffee-house, to Tennyson, who, in younger days, had fourth-floor chambers at No. 55!

But I am not sure that the house we all know best, because of its associations, is not

No. 58.

That Forster, who wrote the "Life of Dickens," lived in it is but a circumstance: the house is haunted by Tulkinghorn. Do you remember its description in "Bleak House"? "In a large house, formerly a house of State, lives Mr. Tulkinghorn. It is let off in sets of chambers now; and in those shrunken fragments of its greatness lawyers lie, like maggots in nuts. But its roomy staircases and passages and ante-chambers still remain; and even its painted ceiling, where Allegory, in Roman helmet and Celestial linen, sprawls among balustrades and pillars, flowers, clouds, and big-legged boys, and makes the head ache—as would seem to be Allegory's object always, more or less." And in this house, too, one memorable evening, Dickens read aloud "The Chimes" to Carlyle and Forster, Maclise, Laman Blanchard, Douglas Jerrold, and other of his friends. It was these friendly readings which finally led to those he gave in public, and happy are all whose privilege it was to hear him. At No. 52, Lincoln's Inn-fields are the chambers of that charming living poet and picturesque and able dramatic critic, Mr. Clement Scott. May this delightful writer never have a return of "writer's cramp"!

RAMBLER.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

I do not think we have had as yet a little talk about

Pleasure and Amusement.

Perhaps you do not think there is much to be said about them; but you are wrong. I could fill several columns with chit-chat on the subject. But although my topic was lively, I might perhaps be dull if I kept on too long, and that would never do. I should like, if it were possible, but it is not, to get my readers to tell me what they mean by pleasure and amusement. Some

BISHOP'S COURT, LINCOLN'S INN.

of you young ones, no doubt, think pleasure means

Dancing all Night,

and discussing your partners next day with the other girls. Now, it is much better to dance for half the night instead of the whole; and as to the discussion of the partners—well, you must please yourselves, I suppose; but don't overdo it. I am quite aware that there are some people in the world who object to everything in the shape of amusement as

Wicked and Sinful.

For Jill as well as for Jack they would have all work and no play, and Sunday, which ought to be the brightest and happiest day in the week, is the most gloomy and depressing. Then, again, there are a great many women in the world who do not take an interest in anything; and the worst thing about them is that they blame this

Poor Dear Old World,

instead of their own jaundiced minds and apathetic spirits. Now, either these women have too much pleasure and too little work, or too much work and no pleasure, or none worthy of the name.

All Play and No Work

is just as bad as all work and no play. There is no bread sweeter than the bread we have honestly earned; and there is no pleasure more delightful than the pleasure that comes after toil. I hope the women who are too stupid, or too inert, to care about reading or music or dancing or tennis or skating are fast dying out. I do not admire

Fast and Masculine Women;

but I prefer them to the lazy, heavy, mindless creatures who take no interest in anything. Sidney Smith once asked a young lady if she ever reflected how she passed her life. On being answered in the negative, and then pressed to explain, he said: "If you live to

Seventy-two,

which I hope you may, your life will have been passed in the following manner: An hour a day is three years. This makes twenty-seven years sleeping, nine years dressing, nine years at tables, six years playing with the children, nine years walking, drawing, and visiting, six years shopping, and three years quarrelling." Most certainly six years might be spent in a far less profitable manner than

Playing with the Children,

if we have them; but surely the time spent in quarrelling is lost. I suppose a few quarrels in the course of a lifetime are inevitable; but I think we might bring down the three years to six months by never joining cliques or factions, or becoming too intimate with our next-door neighbours. I fear there are

Husbands and Wives

who spend more than three years in quarrelling, and very grievous it is; and yet, according to the following little story, there is another view of the question. Once upon a time, an old gentleman boasted to a minister, gifted with a sense of humour, that during a very long married life he and his wife had never

Quarrelled.

"Ah!" said the minister, with a sly twinkle, "that was very praiseworthy, but very dull." I cannot help thinking that we spend too many precious years in talking, and yet saying nothing. We gossip about our neighbours, and by the mere act of listening to a scandalous story we help to give it a

Permanent Place

in the world. Have you ever read a little book called "The Autobiography of a Scandal"? It is not nearly as clever or as wise a book as the author of it ought to have written, but it has a certain amount of value, as it shows how a

Scandal

grows and spreads. The great thing is to avoid the first word. Just as one donkey braying will set all the other asses in the neighbourhood off, so it is with the first person who tells an unkind and scandalous tale. Think a little before you speak, and you will, probably, refrain from

Speaking at All.

My parting words are—Try to keep the balance of work and recreation in your lives even. Dance, if dancing comes in your way, for three hours, but not for six; and remember the advice of a great and a good man whose name was Charles Kingsley, to—

> Do the work that's nearest,
> Tho' it's dull at whiles.
> Helping, when you meet them,
> Lame dogs over stiles.

Now, I have been serious enough for one week. Suppose I give you a useful receipt or two. It would not surprise me to hear that some of your cooks do not know how to make

Gravy!

Does it not often come to table greasy and watery, instead of being rich and good and perfectly free from fat? The liver of a cow, or of an ox, for we are not supposed to eat *cows*, makes very good gravy if

Prepared

in the following manner. Rub the liver all over very well with salt, and let it remain upon a dish for a week or ten days; but it must be turned every day. The next thing you have to do is to wipe it well with a dry cloth and place it in a rather deep earthenware pan. You then pound up fine, and mix well, two ounces of saltpetre and ditto of pepper and cloves, with a half a pound of salt. Rub this mixture well into the liver, and let it lie in the pan with the spiced salt and saltpetre about it for three weeks, or a month if it is large; but it must be rubbed and turned every day; then hang it up, and when dry it is fit for use. When you want it for gravy cut a piece off and stew it well in weak soup stock.

If water only is used, a larger piece of liver is required. The following is a

Nourishing and Refreshing

drink for an invalid. Beat the yolk of an egg with one teaspoonful of white sugar to a cream, then add two tablespoonfuls of milk, stir it gently into a tumbler, and pour on it half a pint of soda or salutaris water. For anyone who is suffering from extreme

Debility,

the following is strengthening: Add to a bottle of port wine two ounces of isinglass, two ditto of gum Arabic, and two ditto of lump sugar; boil over a very slow fire until the various ingredients are dissolved; pour into a basin or mould to stiffen. Melt two tablespoonfuls in a tea-cup, and give thrice daily. It may, of course, be eaten as a jelly.

MARGUERITE.

Liver Complaints.—Dr. King's Dandelion and Quinine Liver Pills, without Mercury, remove Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation.—[Advt.]

The Sinews of Wealth are found in Health; and health, strength, nutritive, flesh-forming qualities and staying power are retained and concentrated in Cadbury's Cocoa.—[Advt.]

NERVOUSNESS IN MEN.

It is extraordinary how many men suffer now-a-days both in mind and body from a multitude of ailments resulting simply from weak nerves, consequent upon overwork, worry, and other debilitating causes. Doctors have tried for years past, and are still trying, to find some drug which will cure the distressing symptoms of nervous exhaustion; but the best they have been able to do in this direction up to the present is to afford slight temporary relief in some simple forms of the disease. The consulting Physician and Electrician at St. Bartholomew's Hospital has, we are glad to say, made a move in the right direction. After finding that physic is practically useless for the relief of nervous sufferers, he says:—

"*There is no doubt Electricity is one of the most powerful nerve tonics we possess. No agent so quickly restores the depressed condition of the system resulting from illness. In all states of nervous depression, as from long mental strain or overtaxed bodily powers, general galvanism has proved a refreshing and most invigorating tonic.*"

The next point, therefore, to be considered is as to the best method of applying these galvanic currents to the system pleasantly, without any discomfort, and for this purpose we cannot do better than strongly recommend all nervous sufferers to wear one of Harness's Electropathic Belts.

They have stood the test of nearly twenty-five years, have restored thousands of sufferers to health and vigour, are guaranteed to be perfectly genuine, and are constructed on sound scientific principles. The Medical Battery Company, Limited, are the Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers of this now world-famed curative appliance, and, should any of our readers still have the least doubt as to its bona fide character, they are invited to call at the Company's Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford-street, London, W. (at the corner of Rathbone-place), where they can see the Electropathic Belts scientifically tested, and can personally examine the thousands of unsolicited testimonials and Press reports that have been received from all parts of the world. Sufferers from Nervous or Rheumatic Affections, Liver or Kidney Diseases, &c., who are unable to call, and who desire further particulars regarding the curative powers of Harness's Electropathic Belt, should send at once for Descriptive Pamphlet and Book of Testimonials, which will be forwarded to any address free on application to Mr C. B. Harness, President of the Medical Battery Company, Limited, 52, Oxford-street, W. The Consulting Physician, Surgeon, Medical Electrician, Electro-Masseurs, and other officers are in daily attendance, and may be consulted free of charge, either personally or by letter. We may add that all communications are regarded as strictly private and confidential.

NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

It does not appear to be generally known that, besides the enormous sale of Mr. Harness's Curative Electropathic Belts, the most perfect form of Electro-Massage treatment is successfully carried on under skilful medical supervision by experienced certificated Masseurs and Masseuses at the Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford-street, London, W. This palatial building, which is situated at the corner of Rathbone-place, is by far the largest and most complete Medico-Electric Institution in the world, and contains the best electrical machines and appliances that science has produced, for the cure of nervous and Rheumatic Affections, Liver and Kidney Disorders, &c. A personal visit would astonish and delight all who are interested in the treatment of Disease by Electricity, Massage, Swedish Mechanical Exercises, Chemical Inhalation, &c. At this spacious Medical Establishment, Rupture, Deafness, Corpulence, Superfluous Hairs, Moles, Wrinkles, &c., have also been successfully treated for many years past. Consultation free of charge, either personally or by letter. Address, Mr. C. B. Harness, President of the Medical Battery Co. (Limited), 52, Oxford-street, London, W. All communications are treated as private and confidential.

NOTE.—All in search of health should wear one of **Mr. C. B. Harness's Electropathic Belts,** Guaranteed Genuine. *Pamphlet free on application.*

CAUTION TO DRUG-TAKERS.

Before it is too late, let us advise our readers not to ruin their constitutions with quack medicines and poisonous drugs, which, although possibly affording slight temporary relief in certain common ailments, do serious mischief to the entire system, and frequently sow the seeds of fatal diseases. If people wish to prolong their lives and enjoy good health, they should adopt simple and natural means, such as by wearing

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A BOON TO SUFFERERS.

Dr. ANDREW WILSON, in an article published in "**HEALTH,**" writes: "The Medical Battery Company's Belt has been frequently recommended as a genuine electrical appliance which the public may purchase with safety and satisfaction."

"**THE FAMILY DOCTOR,**" **Sept. 8, 1888:** "The valuable and ingenious inventions of Mr. Harness are, indeed, a wonderful example of the rapid strides made during the last few years in the science of medical electricity. We would advise visitors from the country and others to call and have the various electropathic appliances explained to them."

THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS, Write for copies or call and see originals.

A Well-known Lady's Opinion.

Mrs. E. F. Osborne, The Hollies, Newark-upon-Trent, writes: "The Electropathic Abdominal Belt has had a wonderful effect upon the circulation, and improving the general vitality of the system. My daughter has also completely recovered. She was suffering from anæmia, but since wearing the Electropathic Belt has become quite strong, and can walk miles without fatigue."

PAMPHLET AND CONSULTATION FREE.

A Barrister's Opinion.

F. Arthur Sibly, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, M.A., LL.M. (Cantab.), writing from Haywardsfield, Stonehouse, Gloucestershire, says: "I must testify to the wonderful effect of your Electropathic Belt treatment. My vital energy was so low that I was quite incapacitated for work of any kind. I have now regained all the vigour, both of body and of mind, and am completely restored to health."

ALL SUFFERERS FROM RHEUMATIC AND NERVOUS AFFECTIONS STOMACH, LIVER, AND KIDNEY DISORDERS, &c., SHOULD WEAR ONE OF THESE WORLD-FAMED BELTS.

Mr. C. B. HARNESS, the President of the Company, attends daily, together with their Physician, Surgeon, Medical Electricians, and other Officers. Consultation in every case, Free of Charge, personally or by letter, on all matters relating to Health and the Application of Curative Electricity.

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The Queen says: "A clever little contrivance. . . . absolutely no necessity to try the eyes."

The Lady says: "A perfect boon and blessing to women."

A Sheet of Press Notices and Testimonials sent Purchasers on application.

N.B.—If your Drapers have not got it in stock, they may try to put you off. If you will Order "The Patent Darning Weaver," they can easily get it at any London, Manchester, or Glasgow warehouse.

CAUTION.—Anyone offering for Sale an Imitation of this Patent will be proceeded against.

"Why, I've Finished before You've Half Done."

IN THE KINGSLEY COUNTRY: WESTWARD HO!

BOOK LOVERS' GOSSIP

The Novel of "Westward Ho!"

Sixpenny books have long been a popular institution with the reading public. I remember how, in my young days, I made the acquaintance of all Sir Walter Scott's novels through the medium of a sixpenny issue, and I have ever since cherished a peculiar regard for the edition, with its not too artistic pictorial covers. However, never before has there been presented to the public quite such a cheap and beautiful edition of a novel as by Messrs. Macmillan with their sixpenny edition of Charles Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" Paper, type, and cover are all that could be desired. What is of still more importance, the matter is thoroughly good, and one feels unqualified satisfaction in hearing that the remarkable sixpennyworth is selling in thousands and hundreds of thousands. You know the story, my reader, with its adventures by sea and land in Elizabeth's England: you know the career of Frank and Amyas Leigh, Salvation Yeo, and Will Cary. At every turn the book reflects the generous nature, the warm heart, the manliness and sincerity of its author. Without wishing in any way to detract from the honour and credit which so well got up a book does its publishers, I may mention that Mrs. Kingsley has had no inconsiderable share in the venture. She believes that her husband's books should circulate everywhere, and she is right.

The Village of Westward Ho!

I was down in North Devon the other day, and I cannot speak with much enthusiasm of the village of Westward Ho! with its Kingsley Memorial College, its new church, its boarding and lodging-houses. Why should one expect it to be worth much? It was merely built as a speculation arising out of the popularity of Kingsley's novel—an unsuccessful speculation, truly. When the place was first projected an attempt was made to construct a promenade pier, and several thousand pounds were spent thereon; but the wind and sea proved too much for the speculators, and the small watering-place is pier-less.

Clovelly.

It was in "the little white town of Bideford," which still attracts and pleases the tourist, that, in 1855, while recruiting his health in his native county, Kingsley wrote the popular story. But all the best impulses to write it came from Clovelly. Here his father was Vicar from 1830 to 1836, and thus the novelist's boyhood was passed amid the wild and rocky scenery, in the quaintest of quaint villages, which, as you approach it from Bideford, looks pretty indeed nestling below among the hills.

A nearer view of Clovelly is not at first sight so attractive. One had, perhaps, expected something more wooded, less severe in outline. The one steep street, paved with small round stones, which leads down to the shore is not beautiful, only quaint. But in a little time, when one has turned into the bye-ways and taken in the varied features, one is more than gratified. "This place," Kingsley wrote to his mother, "seems more beautiful than of old. Contrary to one's usual experience in visiting old scenes, the hills are higher, the vegetation more luxuriant, the colouring richer than I had fancied. I sail a great deal; the difficulty is, only to make the people take any money. I am kept in fish, gratis, by half the town; and at every door there are daily inquiries, loving and hearty, after you and my father. How these people love you both!"

A Banquet to Great Authors.

A correspondent writes to say that my notion that Ruskin and Curtis first suggest the idea of a banquet to the great ones of literature is all wrong. Hazlitt, he urges, has an essay thereon. Not so. Have we not all been reading Hazlitt lately in Mr. Alexander Ireland's admirable "Selection" of his essays? The essay in question deals with "Persons one would wish to have seen." *Seen*, mind, and not dined with. It would be one thing to see Dr. Johnson, another to have dined with him. Besides, this pleasant essay of Hazlitt's, which purports to be a conversation with Charles Lamb, does not confine itself to literary magnates. "Judas Iscariot" and "The Wandering Jew" are among the company imagined on this occasion. But Hazlitt's essay is very good, and it reminds me that I must say a few words about Hazlitt on the earliest convenient occasion.

Literature and its Makers.

After all, I am not sure that if we could invite the great ones of literature to a banquet we should be half as much edified by their presence as we are by their books. Heine looked forward for a long while to meeting Goethe, but when the awful moment came he could only remark on the size of the plums in the adjoining garden. And it is the same with a number of interviews of like character. Some men talk too much about their works, and some men do not talk at all. Of the former class Wordsworth was a painful example. His restless egotism led him to care for nothing so much as to be told that he was the greatest of living poets—as, perhaps, he was. On one occasion a visitor showed him a watch which had belonged to Milton. He placed his own watch beside it, and, if the teller of the story be not too ill-natured, was much disappointed that no remark was made on the watches of the *two* great poets—Milton and Wordsworth. TATLER.

IN THE KINGSLEY COUNTRY: CLOVELLY.

GARDENING IN SEASON.

Flower Garden.

October is the best time in the whole year for planting all descriptions of hardy trees, shrubs, and herbaceous and other plants, and by the end of the month everything of this kind should have been got in. There are a few exceptions to this rule, as to every other, but, generally speaking, it will be found that any plant of a sufficiently hardy nature to withstand the rigours of our English winters will succeed better if planted during October than at any other season of the year. Those who go on the "never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow" principle generally defer their planting operations until next month, or very likely till near Christmas, and, though things may do fairly well then, they would have been much better if got in while the weather was still fine and open, and the ground had not yet parted with its latent warmth. The

Exceptions

referred to are that in and near large towns, where

IN THE KINGSLEY COUNTRY: HIGH STREET, CLOVELLY.

the air is much smoke-laden, and also in some very exposed and bleak positions, it will be found better to defer planting until spring, April being the best month. Secondly, where the soil is naturally heavy or damp it is not safe to entrust any but the most robust and strong-rooted subjects to it until the days begin to lengthen again, and evaporation becomes more active. Damp in such cases is frequently more destructive than cold, and causes the death of thousands of delicate and imperfectly established herbaceous plants annually.

In dealing with

Choice Trees and Shrubs

especially, the two great rules are to plant *high* and to plant *firmly*, for no tree or shrub will flourish if its collar is buried to any depth, or if the soil around it is so loose that the roots cannot take a firm hold of it. Also take care to make the holes large enough to contain the roots comfortably when spread out to their fullest extent—not cramped or twisted up in the least. Manure is not, as a rule, necessary when planting trees or shrubs, unless the soil is very poor, and then leaf-mould is better.

I referred last week to the beauty of the

Autumn Tints,

and mentioned a few trees remarkable for their rich colouring at this season. There are, however, two or three other plants that I omitted to mention, and would like to do so now. These are the common sumach, a really beautiful shrub, to my mind, in all its stages, and a very desirable one, in spite of its peculiar habit of growth and its undoubted fault in throwing up suckers all round it. I have lately seen some beautifully coloured examples of this shrub. The Japanese cherry, again (Prunus pseudo-cerasus), is not only remarkably beautiful when in flower, in the early summer, but equally so now. Take the ordinary

Virginian Creeper

again. What plant gives a greater wealth of colour in the autumn than this, especially the pretty, close-clinging form known as Ampelopsis Veitchi? There is a magnificent specimen of this beautiful creeper that completely covers the front of a large house just off Bromley High-street (Kent)—at the top of the hill as you come up from Shortlands—that I always go and have a look at just now. It is one of the finest pieces of colouring I have ever seen, I think, and is worth walking miles to see.

The season for indoor festivities is now drawing on, and there will, of course, be a great demand for

Decorative Plants

for the various rooms, dinner-tables, &c. In the summer there is such a wealth of flowering plants that one can be constantly changing; but during the short days it is different, and where much of that arch-enemy of plant life, gas, is used, forced flowers are spoilt directly, and there are few foliage plants that can even exist in the atmosphere of the heated rooms for long. Next to the invaluable and well-nigh indestructible parlour palm (Aspidistra lurida) I find nothing so enduring as some of the dracænas, especially D. congesta and D. rubra, both of which are eminently graceful plants, and, with a little care, remain green, healthy, and growing for a long time. Another splendid room-plant is the elegant Norfolk Island Pine (Araucaria excelsa).

I wonder if any of my readers have ever tried to make a

Water Bouquet.

If not, they should do so. All that is required is a moderate-sized glass shade or bell-glass, fitting tightly on to a proper china or metal stand, and a few flowers made up into a neat and graceful bunch. This must be attached to a small leaden weight, or otherwise so secured in a proper vase that they cannot rise from it when immersed. Place this on the stand, and sink this to the bottom of a good-sized tub or bath full of water. Now immerse the shade *sideways* into the water, and when quite full—not an atom of air must be enclosed, mind—turn it neatly over the flowers and on to the stand, and carefully lift the whole out, wipe dry, and place on the table. Some flowers, such as marguerites, &c., will last a long time in this way, and the effect is very pretty. To make all quite safe, the stand should have a groove running all round it for the edge of the shade to rest in, and this should be filled with tallow or soft wax and the glass pressed into it—or water will do as well—so as to be quite air-tight and prevent any danger of leakage. In the

Fruit Garden

the planting of trees of all kinds should be pushed on as fast as possible. See what I have said about planting trees, &c., above, and be guided by exactly the same rules here. The great art of planting fruit-trees successfully is to place the roots so that they can "get hold" of the fresh soil as quickly as possible, and the trees thus meet with no check. Remember, also, that none of the feeding-roots of a fruit-tree should lie deeper than from four to six inches below the surface (though perhaps a little deeper in very light soils), and that the soil both above and below them must be made quite firm, if abundance of fruit is to be produced. If the roots get down deep into the ground, and especially if the subsoil is a clayey one, the tree will make far more wood and leaves than fruit, and such deep-lying roots will then have to be either lifted nearer the surface again, or else cut right through, to restore the tree to a fruitful condition.

I believe everyone likes

Peaches,

and all who possess a sunny wall with a southerly aspect might grow their own if they would only try, and go to work in a sensible manner. There are no peaches like those grown in the open air for flavour; it is the forcing treatment they too often receive when grown under glass that renders them the insipid watery things they too often are. The trouble is that our springs are so uncertain and ungenial that the early bloom is too frequently cut off by frost or cold winds, and the crop fails, while late kinds often cannot ripen properly without protection. The best way to meet this difficulty is to rig up a coping over the trees, and place some ordinary frame lights in front of the plants until the fruit is safely set; and then, if necessary, replace them in the autumn to ripen it.

Tomatoes

in the open air are now over, and those under glass must have heat to keep them moving and ripen the fruit. As the first frost will blacken and spoil the plants, all small green fruit in the open air should be gathered at once and made into pickles, for which I will give a recipe or two next week. B. C. R.

An Exciting Scene was witnessed at Llandudno on Oct. 7. Two large fishing-trawlers, the Perseverance (Edward Smith, master) and the Ellen and Ann (Joseph Beck, master), had made for the bay during the night, and anchored off the pierhead, at a distance of about a quarter of a mile. The sea ran at a great height. About ten o'clock one of the vessels hoisted a distress signal. In a short time the life-boat, Sunlight No. 1, was launched on its first active service, amid hearty cheers from the thousands of visitors and residents on the Promenade. A rush was then made for the pierhead, where there was a good view of the scene. The life-boat and crew behaved splendidly, and, after battling for two hours with the wind and waves, rescued the men from the distressed vessel. The life-boat is the gift of Messrs. Lever Brothers, the proprietors of Sunlight Soap.

"Cleansing Silver."—All difficulty in keeping silver, electro-plate, &c., untarnished and with a brilliant polish, may be obviated by using Goddard's Non-Mercurial Plate-Powder. Sold everywhere, in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. Five gold medals awarded.—[Advt.]

To Cure Skin Diseases.—Sulpholine Lotion [illegible] all eruptions, pimples, blotches, redness, and disfigurements, leaving a clear, spotless skin. Bottles, everywhere.—[Advt.]

THE GREAT CITIES OF THE WORLD.
CHRISTIANIA.—No. I.

It has been my lot to visit many foreign cities, but I know of none so beautifully situated as

KING HAARFARGER'S MONUMENT, IN CHRISTIANIA.

Christiania, the capital of grand, romantic Norway. I shall always recall with delight that

Sail up the Christiania Fiord

in a well-appointed steamer on a charming August morning. A gentle breeze was agitating the blue waters of the fiord just sufficiently to crest the wavelets with white foam; overhead was an almost unclouded sky, from which the golden sun poured down his rays, lighting up the waters and making the waves glint and sparkle in the light; while gradually the great expanse of waters narrowed, disclosing to the delighted gazer wooded shores, rocky islets, hill and dale, clustering white villages, with their red-tiled roofs, all basking in the warmth and glow of the peaceful summer day. Take my advice, and

Enter Christiania by Steamer

rather than by rail. You can go direct by steamer from England, or, if already on the Norwegian coast, a spacious Norwegian steamer will take you from Christiansand. You start from Christiansand late in the afternoon, eat a good dinner, sleep the sleep of the just, and enjoy the glories of the fiord in the morning and early afternoon.

Christiansand

deserves a picture and a paragraph to itself. Named after King Christian IV., by whom it was founded in 1641, Christiansand is picturesquely situated at the mouth of the Otteraa, confronting the Jutland peninsula of Denmark. Christiansand (much of which was destroyed by fire in 1880) has a capital harbour; and the energy of its inhabitants has accomplished a great deal to repair the damages wrought by the great conflagration.

While fully conscious of the fact that, from the coldly critical point of view, there is really not very much to see in Christiania as compared with other European capitals, I nevertheless have spent in that city some of the pleasantest days I ever enjoyed. Why is it that our English towns are so unattractive, as a rule? Christiania is about the same size as Leicester or Sunderland; but who would think of comparing it with such places? You may say that it is the seat of Government. But the Norwegian Government has only three or four buildings in the city, not one of which is of an imposing character. Yet the whole place

Makes a Pleasant Impression.

One reason is that it is so spacious, while nearly all our English towns are so cramped. Then, it is full of trees. Why we in England do not plant more boulevards and avenues I cannot make out. Trees could flourish in Regent-street as easily as in the Boulevard des Italiens: they are beautiful, and conducive to health. Christiania has them in abundance. Let us hope that English cities may be as well provided in time. But, further, Christiania has

The Charm of Leisure.

People are not dashing along the streets as though time would end to-morrow: they are not perpetually running to catch trains or climbing to the tops of omnibuses, or running to see the latest quotations on the tape. Here, I regretfully admit, we cannot rival Christiania. Leisure and quiet have departed from modern England, never, apparently, to return.

The original Christiania was

Founded by Harold Haardrada,

in 1058, just eight years before the Norman Conquest. It occupied what is now the east suburb of the town. But nothing remains of Haardrada's city, and Christiania as we know it dates from 1624, just eight years after the death of Shakspeare, when it was founded by King Christian IV. It suffered from extensive fires in 1686, 1706, and 1858, and has each time been rebuilt on a definite plan and in a spacious way. The streets are, indeed, almost as rectangular as those of American cities. One old remaining building of the former city is the fortress of Aker's Hus, which defends the fiord and part of the city. It dates from the fourteenth century, contains the regalia and national records, and its ramparts, converted into promenades, afford pleasant walks with picturesque views.

I do not know that I should, spite of its pleasant appearance, care to live permanently in Christiania, and I am sure most of my readers would not.

Londoners would Vote the Place "Slow,"

and so it is: although Norwegians from remote country districts regard it as a wonderful place, and speak of it as people in rural England speak of London, or as people in rural France speak of Paris. It is the only large town which most Norwegians have seen, since it is the only large town in Norway. Its population is about 120,000. But if you would not care to live at Christiania, you can spend one or two days there very pleasantly, and I will tell you what to see.

Englishmen study creature comforts, and I must therefore speak of

The Hotels.

The three chief are the Grand, Victoria, and Royal. The first is the big hotel of Christiania, but very much more modest than the big pile with the same name at Charing-cross. The Royal I can recommend from personal experience, and it has the additional advantage of standing in the large square close by the railway-station. You need not fear the noise of whistles and shunting all night. About half a dozen trains a day, running at the break-neck speed of fifteen miles an hour, satisfy the needs of Christiania.

As New York has its Broadway and London its Strand, so Christiania has its noted thoroughfare—

The Carl Johans Gade.

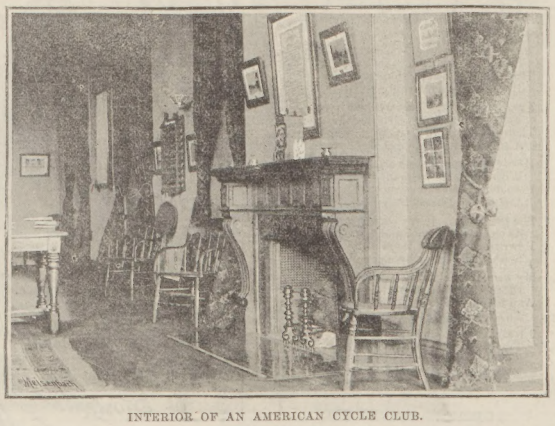
This street extends from the station to the Royal Palace, and is spacious and even imposing. In the first part of this street are the chief shops of the town, which are a good deal like other shops. Note, however, the predominance of large and excellent book-stores. You will find the same phenomenon in other Norwegian towns: you are among an intelligent and reading people. The street crosses a valley of some depression, and so assumes a picturesque appearance. The latter portion is very wide, and contains gardens and a walk under the trees along its centre, and a place where the band plays at certain times.

When you pass the special part devoted to shops you will observe another street joining itself to the Carl Johans Gade. At this corner stands

The Storthings-Hus,

or Parliament House of Norway, from the windows of which you look down the broad Carl Johans Gade to the palace at the other end of the thoroughfare. The Storthings-Hus is not, from our point of view, an imposing building: you could put a dozen such edifices into the palace at Westminster, and then leave plenty of room.

CHRISTIANSAND.



INTERIOR OF AN AMERICAN CYCLE CLUB.

The building consists of a central portion with two wings: from the centre an octagonal building projects itself, and it is in this part that the Parliament meets. While the whole edifice is so small, however, there is far better accommodation in the actual chamber for the members than in our crowded, ill-arranged House of Commons.

(To be continued.)

CYCLE & CAMERA

I met a friend of mine the other day who had just come back from a two weeks' tour on his tricycle. He had taken his camera with him, and brought back over fifty negatives, which he is just now so busy developing and mounting that he says he has not a minute for social duties. All the time that he is not at his work he devotes to his cycle and camera!

Mr. Marriott, of Marriott and Cooper, whose window on the Viaduct is just now attracting so much attention because of the wax lady and gentleman at work on a tandem, was a pioneer in cyclo-photography. It is several years now since he returned from a ride in Brittany with a collection of excellent photographs taken by himself which all his friends must remember.

Speaking of cyclo-photography, I see that at the fire at Baginton Hall, near Coventry, last week, Mr. Henry Sturmey, of the *Cyclist* and *Photography*, was there on his cycle hard at work with his detective camera. I would like to see some of the results.

I have already called attention to the dark rooms for the photographer now found in many of the C. T. C. hotels. These dark rooms ought to be a feature of the cycling club-houses which are yet to be built or rented in London.

Only last week, in looking over the cycling papers, I seemed to realise more forcibly than ever what an absurdly small minority of cycling clubs are possessed of a club-house. This is particularly noticeable just now, because, the racing season being virtually over, the social season among cyclists has begun. The papers are already full of announcements of dinners and Cinderellas and smoking concerts, all of which are to be given in public halls, hotels, or taverns. For social purposes, cyclists—who are pre-eminently sociable in winter—are without premises of their own.

The Stanley Club have a club-house on the Seven Sisters-road, in the north of London. And last spring, in the south, the Greenwich Cycling Club opened an eight-roomed club-house, with gymnasium and tennis-ground, and, if I remember rightly, the subscription was surprisingly moderate, about nine or ten shillings a year. I hope the new club is prospering, as it deserves to. But these clubs are exceptions.

In the United States they order these things better. Almost one of the first essentials of a club over there is a club-house. A friend has lent me to publish here a couple of photographs of an American club-house, taken by a member of the club. The house was built and furnished by the club. It has a large room for putting away machines, dressing-rooms, and sitting- and smoking- and billiard-rooms. The house is close to the best riding to be had about the town, and in the winter, when the club want to entertain, they throw open their own rooms; and who can deny that this is very much pleasanter than hiring a hall or a couple of rooms in a hotel?

One photograph shows the front door, the other the sitting-room, and they certainly suggest that cycling and sociability can be very well combined.

It may be asked what cycling has to do with one's social life—and a very hard question this would be to answer. But, even if one could not find a satisfactory explanation, the fact remains that men who ride machines like to meet for other purposes than riding. They like to smoke together and dine together, and they like to join forces in giving dances and receptions. Why they should, is a problem; but so long as they do—to such an extent that their entertainments keep the cycling papers supplied with "copy" throughout the dead season—the only wonder is that in London they have not long before this thought it worth while to establish themselves in quarters of their own.

N. C. U.

EXTERIOR OF AN AMERICAN CYCLE CLUB.

FUN AND FANCY.

MY PRETTY TYPEWRITER.

My office of late has seemed brighter,
More cheerful by far than it was:
It may be my pretty typewriter,
Who sits near my desk, is the cause.

A radiant, dashing young creature,
In typewriting circles a belle;
Although I 'm unable to teach her
To punctuate rightly or spell.

Her mouth like a half-opened rose is,
Her hair rivals gold in its hue,
Tip-tilted her dear little nose is,
Her eyes are a heavenly blue.

I really should feel lost without her;
For, while there 's no cause for alarm,
There 's something attractive about her—
A thrilling, intangible charm.

Her typewritten letters are fearful,
With errors they thickly are strewed:
I scold her, and she becomes tearful,
And thinks I 'm awfully rude.

She breaks into silvery laughter
As soon as forgiven, and I 've
Rewritten no end of them after
She 's gone—she leaves promptly at five.

My wife, who is somewhat suspicious,
Dropped into my office to-day,
And found—well, I thought it judicious
To send my typewriter away.

I really shall feel lost without her,
For, while I intended no harm,
My wife noticed something about her
That filled her dear soul with alarm.

F. H. Curtis.

ORDERS REVERSED.

Gazley (presenting his card): I represent my friend, Mr. Dolley. You grossly insulted him last night, and he demands an apology or satisfaction, Sir.

Tangle: I don't remember insulting anybody.

Gazley: You told him to go to Jericho, Sir.

Tangle: Oh yes; I believe I did. So Dolley feels bad about it, does he?

Gazley: Yes, Sir. He demands an apology.

Tangle: Well, I don't want any ill-feeling between us. You may tell him he needn't go!

MUSIC-HALL FACES AND PHASES (DEDICATED TO MR. MCDOUGALL, L.C.C.)

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A An Article Attracting Attention. SUNLIGHT SOAP.

B By Brightness Beautifies. SUNLIGHT SOAP.

C Creates Comfort Cheaply. SUNLIGHT SOAP.

D Destroys Distressing Dirt. SUNLIGHT SOAP.

E Encourages Economy, Evades Exhaustion. SUNLIGHT SOAP.

F Facilitates Facility Famously. SUNLIGHT SOAP.

G Gives General Satisfaction. SUNLIGHT SOAP.

H Heightens Housewives' Happiness SUNLIGHT SOAP.

I Indicates Important Improvement. SUNLIGHT SOAP.

J Judiciously Judged, Joyfully Jewel. SUNLIGHT SOAP

K Kitchens Kept Knowingly. SUNLIGHT SOAP.

L Lasses' Laundry Labour Lightened. SUNLIGHT SOAP.

M Maidens Merry, Matrons Marvel. SUNLIGHT SOAP.

N Now Nobody Need Neglect Neatness. SUNLIGHT SOAP.

O Overcomes Opposed Opinions Offhand. SUNLIGHT SOAP.

P Purchasers Promote Perfect Purity. SUNLIGHT SOAP.

Q Quality Quite Questionless. SUNLIGHT SOAP.

R Rapidly Restores Returning Rest. SUNLIGHT SOAP.

S Sunlight Soap Scours Surprisingly Swift. SUNLIGHT SOAP.

T Tablets Transmitting Treble Thrift. SUNLIGHT SOAP.

U Universally Useful, Utterly Unequalled SUNLIGHT SOAP.

V Voted Very Visible Value. SUNLIGHT SOAP.

W Weary Woman's Washing Wonder. SUNLIGHT SOAP.

X Xcites Xcellent Xpeditious Xample. SUNLIGHT SOAP.

Y Yearly Yields Younger Youth. SUNLIGHT SOAP.

Z Zeal, Zenith ZUNLIGHT ZOAP.

THE DEAF AND DUMB ALPHABET.

SIR CHARLES A. CAMERON, M.D., Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Vice-President of the Institute of Chemistry of Great Britain, Chief Medical Officer of Health for Dublin, S.Sc.C. Cambridge University, Member of the College of Physicians, Professor of Hygiene and Chemistry, Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, Hon. Mem. Societies of Hygiene, Paris, Bordeaux, and Belgium, Laboratory, Royal College of Surgeons, Stephen's Green, W., Dublin, REPORTS, February 15th, 1888:—

I have carefully analysed specimens of the "SUNLIGHT SOAP" submitted to me for that purpose by Messrs. Lever Brothers, Warrington, and the following are the results at which I have arrived:— * * * * The points in the composition of this Soap that are most valuable are its freedom from free alkali, the large percentage of fatty acids which it contains, and the purity of the materials employed in its preparation. I EMPLOY THE SOAP, and from my actual experience of it can strongly recommend it.

(Signed) CHARLES A. CAMERON.

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SOLUBLE

EASILY DIGESTED

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"I have never tasted Cocoa that I like so well. It is especially adapted to those whose digestive organs are weak.

"Sir C. A. Cameron, M.D."

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ADELPHI.—A. and S. GATTI, Sole Proprietors and Managers.—Every Evening at Eight, LONDON DAY BY DAY, by Geo. R. Sims and Henry Pettitt. Doors open at Seven. Farce at 7.15. Box-office open daily, Ten to Five.

LYCEUM.—THE DEAD HEART. EVERY EVENING, at Eight o'clock, THE DEAD HEART. Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Arthur Stirling, Mr. Righton; Miss Kate Phillips and Miss Ellen Terry. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily, Ten to Five. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

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£5000 GIVEN AWAY. We have a few of our marvellous Packets, containing a large assortment of splendid Birthday Cards, lovely Christmas and New Year Cards, grand Album of Portraits, magnificent Oleograph (a real work of art), catalogue, &c. Published value of the Packet, 2s 6d. We are now clearing at 4½d., carefully packed in board and sent free. Write at once, or you will be too late.

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"J. Wilkinson."

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Sold Everywhere. 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s. per Bottle.

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1s. CHRISTMAS LUCKY BOXES. 1s.

EVERY BOX CONTAINS a SPLENDID ARTICLE of ASSYRIAN GOLD or SILVER JEWELLERY, WORTH AT LEAST DOUBLE THE MONEY PAID.

MANY of the BOXES will be FOUND to CONTAIN PRIZES SOLD by RETAIL JEWELLERS at from 10s. to 15s. each.

STERLING SILVER WATCHES WILL FROM TIME TO TIME BE INCLUDED.

The Magnificent Collection of Jewellery consists of ASSYRIAN GOLD Brooches, Earrings, Lockets, Necklets, Bracelets, Guard Chains, Victoria Alberts, Gem Rings, Albert Chains (marked 18c. on every link), Scarf Rings, Breast Pins, Diamond Rings, Charms, Gold Pencil-Cases, &c.

1s. JUST READ THIS. 1s.

To every Purchaser of one of these Lucky Boxes I will present, Free, a Bonus Packet for dull Evenings' Amusement.

1s.—BONUS PACKET.—1s. CONTAINS

100 beautiful Relief Scraps, for Albums, &c.; also Six splendid French Chromo Pictures; also a Cure for Love; also a Comical Curious Love-Letter; also Mother Shipton's Prophecies; and last, but not least, a LOVELY ASSORTMENT OF CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR'S CARDS.

Remember, all the above given FREE with the LUCKY BOX.

This is, without doubt, the most extraordinary Shilling's-worth ever offered; and, as this Advertisement may not appear again, early application is requested.

Remember, the CHRISTMAS LUCKY BOX and the BONUS PACKET ALL FOR ONE SHILLING; or, carriage paid, 15 stamps; two for 2s. 3d.

Readers will therefore CUT THE COUPON OUT, and say how many required. We feel confident that they will delight all. Each article will form a suitable and handsome present for those who wish to have something to give away. Being makers, we are enabled to supply articles that can be viewed with admiration at one half the usual retail price.

DO NOT MISS THIS GRAND OPPORTUNITY.

We have no hesitation in announcing this the GREATEST DISTRIBUTION in the Jewellery Trade.

The Coupon must be sent, in all cases, with name and address written very plainly.

As the demand for these articles is expected to be very great, the EARLY RETURN of COUPONS will prevent delay in delivery. All Coupons will be taken in rotation as they arrive.

P.] LUCKY BOX COUPON. [I.
This Coupon entitles the holder to one or more LUCKY BOXES and BONUS PACKETS, carriage paid. One for 1s. 3d., Two for 2s. 3d., Five for 5s.
The Two Lots for the price of One.

Stamps taken, but Post-office Orders preferred, as they are much safer, made payable at Matthias-place.

JOHN J. CARTER, WHOLESALE JEWELLER, &c., MATTHIAS-ROAD, LONDON, N. Established 1870.

1s. 6d. GOLD! GOLD! 1s. 6d.

For Eighteen Stamps I will send, FOR THIS MONTH ONLY, An ASSYRIAN GOLD CURB or FETTER LINK GENTLEMAN'S ALBERT CHAIN. The links are every one stamped 18c., and cannot be told from one costing 20 guineas.

J. J. CARTER, Importer, MATTHIAS-ROAD, STOKE NEWINGTON, LONDON, N.

1s. PHILADELPHIA POCKET 1s.

1s. TIME INDICATOR. 1s.

(Patented). Size and shape of an ordinary watch; strong metal cases, steel works, balanced action, enamelled dial, crystal glass dome, patent adjusting swivel ring for attaching to watch-guard. Each denotes correct solar time, and is warranted for five years. Post-free, 1s. 3d.; Two for 2s. 3d.

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FOREMEN, TIMEKEEPERS, RAILWAY MEN, POLICE SERGEANTS, CLERKS, and all men of influence among the working-classes WANTED EVERYWHERE to form KENDAL and DENT'S highly successful Clubs for Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Silver-Plated Goods, Cutlery, Musical Instruments, Perambulators, Overmantels, Sewing-Machines, &c. Members pay 1s. per week. Splendid value, 6000 clubs in successful co-operation. Wholesale prices. Apply to KENDAL and DENT, Watch Manufacturers, 106, Cheapside, London. Great success in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales.

£2 Weekly Realised by Either Sex without hindrance to present occupation. For sample, &c., inclose addressed envelope to EVANS, WATTS, and CO. (P 5), Merchants, Birmingham.

Seasonable Delicacy.

BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR

With Stewed Fruit.

GRATEFUL — COMFORTING.

EPPS'S (BREAKFAST) COCOA

NEEDS ONLY BOILING WATER OR MILK.

THE PUREST CONFECTIONERY CHEAPER THAN EVER. supplied by JOHN H. CATES, Wholesale and Export Confectioner, 90, High-street, Borough, S.E. Town and Country Dealers will find no better house. Trade Price-Lists free by post. All orders to the amount of £2 and upwards carriage paid to any railway station; and all orders to the amount of £1 carriage paid within Carter, Paterson, and Co.'s delivery. Goods delivered in town by our own vans daily. Five per cent discount allowed off all goods sold and delivered at the counter when amounting to 10s. and upwards.

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TAYLOR BROTHERS' "MARAVILLA" COCOA.

Sold in Tin-lined Packets only by all Grocers.

A SOLUBLE COCOA.

Making a delicious beverage of the consistency of Tea.

TAYLOR BROTHERS' PURE CONDENSED COCOA.

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Sold in Tins only, by all Grocers.

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Unless you like music. One of our facile Self-Instructors is presented, gratis, with every Instrument. Price-List free. Musical Instruments and Fittings of every kind at the wholesale price, and carriage paid (See Testimonials in price-list). THE STAINER MANUFACTURING CO. (S Dept.) 31, Moorgate-st., London.

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FREE PASSAGES are granted to FEMALE SERVANTS, Housemaids, Laundresses, Cooks, &c., of good character, between seventeen and thirty-five years of age, on payment of £1 for ship kit and fare to dépôt in London, all of whom are in great demand in the Colony, and receive wages from £20 to £50 per annum, and board and lodging. An experienced Matron accompanies each steamer, and, on arrival, passengers are received into the Government dépôt, free of cost.

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Forms of application, rates of passage, handbooks, and all other information may be obtained on application to

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All persons who pay their own passages to the Colony should apply for LANDORDER WARRANTS. Forms and particulars to be obtained from the Shipping Firms booking the passengers, or from the Agent-General for Queensland.

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In Daylight, Gaslight, Sunlight, Rain,
Each faithful "Demon" works the same;
And fills with life the Album page,
While five-guinea cameras groan with rage.

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Defies Detection, and can be secreted under the vest, in the watch pocket, or concealed in the glove. It is made entirely of metal, beautifully plated, and weighs under 3 oz. No movement is too rapid for it—the racehorse at greatest speed, the flight of birds, even the lightning flash itself. By merely pressing the trigger the Photograph is taken; therefore any person can use it,

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THE CHEAPEST FEATHER BEDS IN THE WORLD.

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THE COTTAGE SINGLE BED, BOLSTER, and PILLOW, 6 ft. 3 in. by 3 ft. 6 in., weighing 40 lb.	30s. 0d.
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WARRANTED NEW AND SWEET.

Any size Bed only 9d. per lb., including Feathers, in Strong Union (bordered) Tick, making, packing, wrapper, and carriage paid to any station in the United Kingdom. Samples of Feathers and Ticks, Price-Lists, &c., post-free.

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All orders must be accompanied by Cheque or P.O.O. (which, as security to purchasers, may be post-dated ten days) payable to

NEWHAM and CO., Boston, Lincolnshire; THOS. DOWNS, 55, Great Ancoats-st., Manchester; or THOMAS SMITH, 178, Strand, London, W.C.

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EMPLOYMENT. — Whole or spare time, either sex; good pay, anywhere. Valuable Samples, and how to work; entirely free. One Stamp. Q., CHEMICAL COMPANY, 336, City-road, London.

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